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THE CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

'These things would not *die down.*'

THE CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF

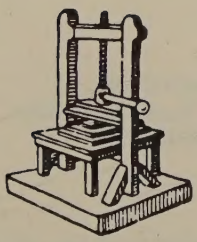
KATHERINE MANSFIELD

BY

RUTH ELVISH MANTZ, M.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY



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TO THE LATE
GRANT MARTIN OVERTON

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FOREWORD

Katherine Mansfield is unique among modern English literary figures in that most of the volumes bearing her name were published posthumously. Of the eleven collections, only three (*In a German Pension*, *Bliss* and *The Garden Party*) appeared during her lifetime, and only one more (*The Doves' Nest*) was partially planned by her. Of course the two private press pamphlets (*Prelude* and *Je ne Parle pas Français*) had been printed and now are rare collectors' items, but these were single stories. The continual appearance of new collections of her work, since her death in 1923, has postponed the necessity of a Bibliography of her writings until this year, when only one or—at most—two important volumes remain to be published.

Besides the fact that most of Katherine Mansfield's work has been printed, and that her first editions are collectors' items, there is an additional reason for her Bibliography at this time. Though she died only within the decade, certain delusions have arisen concerning her and the original printing of certain of her works, which this book aims to dissipate. The strange case of the reprinting of 'Sunset' is one of these. The evident uncertainty of some modern authorities (the *Britannica*, 1929, certain Library of Congress entries, several Handbooks and biographical sketches) concerning the date of her birth is another.

Were it not for the work of Mr. John Middleton Murry,

who has ceaselessly edited Katherine Mansfield's MSS. despite his own full life as editor and writer, her genius might not yet have been fully recognized. The literary world and the collector owe him an immeasurable debt, but the end of the decade after her death will see this work completed. It will probably be another decade, or more, before the critic can have completed his work in evaluating the genius of Katherine Mansfield, but that is not the problem of the collector, nor of the bibliographer.

In arranging this *Bibliography*, I have attempted to meet the needs not only of the collector, but of the student and librarian and bookseller, as well.

For the student, the important works are dated. The date is given in parentheses after the title. Reference to the source from which the date of composition was taken is given in brackets immediately below the date of composition. The date and place of first publication is printed at the right of the title. In some cases, later places of publication are listed directly beneath this. The individual stories and poems are annotated, the notes being below in italics and numbered to correspond. The notes on each page are numbered separately. Katherine Mansfield's own comments on her publications, and her criticisms of her work are collected in an appendix. A letter-symbol immediately above a title indicates the section of the appendix in which her criticism of that item may be found. The appendix is indexed at its beginning.

For the librarian, the material has been arranged chronologically, with a check list of the periodicals in which Katherine Mansfield's work first appeared, and critical

articles grouped according to the collection to which they refer, and listed in order of publication. In important cases they are annotated.

The collector may find not only the collation of the first edition (or, more exactly, the first impression), but he also has the reference to the first periodical appearance of most of Katherine Mansfield's stories, poems, essays, reviews, and translations. Many of these are yet within the reach of the amateur collector, though the early volumes have become rare collectors' items. Recently an English bookshop, unable to fill an American order for a certain first edition of Katherine Mansfield, sent, with apology, a complete set of *Rhythm* for a nominal price. However, an American bookseller's catalogue for May 1930 lists *Rhythm* and *Signature* at $50 each. Copies of the *London Mercury* and other periodicals containing her first publications are still obtainable. The first edition of *The Doves' Nest* and *Something Childish* is listed at about £1 10*s*., though the first impression (of which there was an issue of 25 copies of the former, and 34 copies of the latter) has sold for £12 12*s*. *Je ne Parle pas Français* sold in 1929 at Hodgson's for £30. Yet in 1926 *Je ne Parle pas Français* sold at auction for £22. A rebound copy of *The Garden Party* sold in America in 1928 for $37.50. *The Aloe*, six months after publication, was listed at a figure appreciably above publication price.

In acknowledging those who aided this *Bibliography* I should mention libraries and collections in the four quarters of America, as well as in England, Australia, Canada and New Zealand.

Without Mr. John Middleton Murry's annotations it would have remained incomplete, as it would had not Dr. H. D. Gray of the American University Union (and of Stanford University) aided its completion while he was in London. Dr. Margery Bailey of Stanford University first suggested that the collected material should take bibliographical form, and her encouragement and her annotations on the original copy were invaluable. Mr. Nathan Van Patten, Director of the Stanford University Libraries, was untiring in obtaining source material in addition to the valuable first editions in the Charlotte Ashley Felton Library. Miss Alice Hays and Mr. Hugh Baker of the Stanford Library gave valuable assistance; and Miss Zula Andrews, of the University of California. The late Mr. Grant Overton of New York offered his friendship and aid in this undertaking. Mr. Yvor Winters of Palo Alto, and Mr. Kenneth Carnahan of 'The Alcove Book Shop' loaned rare early periodicals valuable in establishing certain proof. Miss Margaret Davis did expert transcribing; and Mr. Kagawa made some important contributions, as also Mrs. Elizabeth Prall Anderson.

Mr. John Hampden, Lecturer in English Language and Literature at Queen's College, offered facts of Katherine Mansfield's early career not previously in print, as did Mr. W. F. Ifould, Principal Librarian of the Mitchell Library at Sydney, Australia; and Mr. Joseph Norrie, Chief Librarian at Wellington, New Zealand; and Mrs. James Macintosh Bell (sister of Katherine Mansfield) at Almonte, Canada, and Sir Harold Beauchamp of Wellington.

Innumerable others deserve gratitude, for on all sides

was aid willingly given toward furthering the work of establishing the genius of the beloved English author.

No first compilation of so versatile an author can hope to be final. This aims, rather, to arrange the permanent, and to collect the important, not only to serve the public, but as an initial offering in honour of the distinguished, universally acknowledged artist.

RUTH MANTZ.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

When the manuscript of this bibliography, in its original form, was sent me by the publishers last spring, I was deeply impressed by the evidence it showed of careful determination to unravel matters which, I fear, I myself had sometimes unwittingly helped to confuse. The disinterested love of the subject which is the first requisite in a work of this kind was so manifest that the least I could do to show my gratitude was to help the author by revising her manuscript to the best of my ability. This I have done; and I have furnished Miss Mantz with whatever information I possessed which might add to or (in some few cases) correct her own. I can vouch in general for the accuracy of her biographical statements.

Katherine Mansfield herself, I am sure, would smile to find herself the subject of such a work as this. It would appeal to her sense of irony to reflect that only nineteen years have passed since her first book was published, in December 1911; and that during the first eight of those nineteen years it was only rarely and with the utmost difficulty that she could get anything published at all. Between December 1911, when she received £15 for 'In a German Pension,' and August 1918, when *The English Review*, to her astonishment, accepted the story 'Bliss'

and paid her six guineas for it, she did not receive a single penny from any source whatever for any writing, except on the few occasions when she 'ghosted' for me as a reviewer. In April 1919 a lucky chance made me editor of *The Athenæum*, and her work on that paper in the year and ten months before it was swallowed up, in February 1921, was decisive. I do not think there is any need to regret that she spent so much time and energy in reviewing fiction for *The Athenæum*, even though, when she ceased, she had barely two years more to live. The regular work of criticism made her more precisely conscious than she might otherwise have been of the nature of her own aims, and of the distinctiveness of her own gift; for an all too brief period she poured forth stories in abundance. She wrote them with an astonishing speed, and her statement that, once she had really thought out a story, nothing remained but the labour of writing it down appeared to be literally true. In the spring of 1922 the stream began to slacken. In part, perhaps, because her disease was making inroads on her vital energies, but at least as much because she believed there was a more essential truth to be expressed through the short story than any she had yet expressed. 'The Fly,' written in Paris in the early spring of 1922, was her nearest approach to her own final ideal.

So the nineteen years between 'In a German Pension' and this bibliography make their pattern. Eight years of neglect and also of inward preparation, three brief years of full productiveness, eight years of increasing posthumous reputation. She is become, in her own way, a classic. In those frigid terms, the destiny would not have pleased her;

but she would be more than content with the knowledge that she is immortal with those immortals whom she loved, and for the same reason, that she is loved.

Not very long after she died, I dreamed a dream about her; and for some reason this dream has always remained vivid in my memory. It was a simple dream. Outside the tall hedge of a garden was a gentle slope of green turf, in which was a shallow grave. Through the hedge I could see the garden: it was formal, and bright with flowers, sloping down sideways towards the hedge. At the top of the garden was a long, low, red-brick house, warm in the diffused sunlight, with light green shutters, reminding me of a French manoir. It was all perfectly quiet and still, as though it were a drowsy afternoon in the late summer. Then as I watched, Katherine Mansfield raised herself wearily out of the shallow turfy grave. With her finger-tips she took back the hair from her still-closed eyes. She opened them at last, and looked at the garden and the house, and smiled. Then, as though weary, she sank back to sleep again. It was peace; it was good; and what she had seen was also good.

That dream seemed, and still seems to me to be strangely in accord with her personality. What that personality was, it is not for me to describe. The living record is in her stories and her letters. But one thing, above all others, is to be remembered. She was an extraordinarily simple person, who revealed her simplicity to very, very few in the actual commerce of life. Most of her contacts with those who were nominally of her own kind were a sort of play-acting. For this play-acting she had a positive genius;

it was for her an elaborate and necessary protection against the 'grown-up' world. But in the reality of 'grown-up' world she never really believed. You entered it, because you could not help it; you obeyed the rules, because there was nothing else to do when you were once inside; and you played the game to the utmost of your skill, because it would never do to let those people know how vulnerable you were. She had the amazing courage of one who is really afraid.

To her the real world was a simple one, wherein people loved one another, and were kind and true. Of course, we all know that such a world is a childish dream, at which modern people, at best, must smile indulgently. But Katherine Mansfield was not modern; she was, as she said she was, very old-fashioned. And she was old-fashioned enough to stick to her dream, through all the pain it brought her. For simple love is, after all, an added capacity for suffering. Therefore, it amazed her that her stories should be called cruel, until she understood that the truth as felt by a sensitive heart is always cruelty to those incapable of tenderness.

She did what Keats said all must do who would achieve a true self for themselves: she made her heart the Bible of her Mind. Which is not, as some may think, a soft or sentimental thing to do. It demands great bravery not to stifle within oneself the childish longing for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, not to suffer—to use Keats' words again—the fine point of one's soul to be blunted. She preferred to have it broken instead; and she discovered, inevitably, that it cannot be broken. All the sufferings of

a loving heart are the initiation into a deeper and a more comprehending love: into the mystery of charity. The childish dream is always justified at the last, in those who have the courage to be loyal to it. Of whom Katherine Mansfield was one.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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PERAMBULATIONS

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

PERAMBULATIONS

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

She told me she dreamed she took her darling to a publisher, and, having placed it upon the altar, she made obeisance and waited to hear if it should be found worthy in his sight for a sacrifice. And he asked her how old she was. She had to confess that, though she had seen him quite recently, and they had spent a wonderful time together, she never would see Thirty again.

But, my dear madam, said the publisher, wonderingly taking up her darling, I understood you to say this was your *first* novel? Ah, perhaps you meant it was your *last* on the 'last shall be first' principle. Hee-haw! Oh, I say —rather nice, don't you think? Oh, neat—very neat! You writing people ought to come to us for a tip or two occasionally. What?

At his words, age—great age—descended upon her. She heard herself say in a prim, elderly voice, No, it really is my first novel. And she held out her arms for her darling.

Said he, handing it back to her, You know, I should have had this fourteen or fifteen years ago. At your time of life, dear lady, you ought to be either writing your memoirs or crackin' up the new generation. We've no use for anything in the creative line that's not brought to market in

the green ear. We can't have enough of it. And he waved her out of the temple, crying triumphantly, The greener the ear, the sweeter the meat!

At this she shivered so dreadfully that she woke up. So you see, she ended mournfully, we are condemned for years and years to sentimental journeys in perambulators: more and more young men and maidens caught up as they lean from parental windows admiring the 'sticky buds,' and strapped in and whirled off down the bright avenues and through the little back streets, up and down the City Road—of the hour, and in and out the Eagle—of the moment—in Life's ramshackle old baby-carriage. And theirs is the only comment upon life, at present, shrill enough to be heard, and persistent enough to be wondered at.

The one crumb of comfort for us to nibble is that one can't cry, Back to the Perambulator! For the perambulator *is* a thing that, once having grown out of, you simply can't fit into again. That would be too frightful. . . . Think of —— sitting up bland and tidy and chewing his bonnet-strings, or dear —— coming once again upon the miracle of her waving toes!

So the future of us and those like us is quite plain to me. We are doomed to pass these delicious hours of our fine flowering not only unwept (which doesn't matter so much), but quite absolutely unhonoured and unsung—which does. The path upon which we linger is the path of the perambulator, too. Our one high excitement will be to stop the nurse occasionally and gush over her incredible charge. You hear us—Didums manage to blow his

little trumpet *so* loud? or to throw his pretty public school so far, or to put out her little tongue and hit our admiring fingers such a rap with her naughty macaw.

And the worst of it is, every time we admire the child it will come back for more with such rapidity. It will merely be whisked round the corner and back again—bigger, brighter, bolder than ever. . . .

Why are you staring at me?

I was looking, dearest, at your nose.

It is, isn't it, said she, stroking it with a finger, a charming little nose? Every time I greet it in the glass I thank the Lord and my precious little mother for giving me hers and sparing me papa's. . . .

But why has it flashed upon your outward eye so particularly just at this moment?

It seemed to me—fancy, perhaps—you haven't hurt it in any way? You haven't knocked it or caught it in anything, or blown it unmercifully—or—it's ridiculous —it's absurd—it must be the effect of this light.

. . .?

But from where I am sitting it does look just the weeniest —teeniest—just the slightest shade—out of joint.[1]

---

[1] *This sketch was written when Katherine Mansfield, herself, was within a few months of thirty.* Bliss *was not accepted by Constable until two years later. It may well have been that this expressed her feeling about her own futile attempts to find publication for her early work.*

ABOUT PAT

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

ABOUT PAT[1]

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

In the days of our childhood we lived in a great old rambling house planted lonesomely in the midst of huge gardens, orchards and paddocks.

At that period our old Irish gardener was our hero. His name was Patrick Sheehan. On Sunday he wore gloves with real 'kid backs,' and a tie-pin made out of a boar's tusk. Every morning I went across to the feed room where he cleaned father's boots, and always at a certain stage of the proceedings I would say, 'Oh, please, Pat, don't.' He as invariably replied that 'nothing else at all gave them such a fine gloss.' He used to hoist me up on to the table, and recount long tales of the Dukes of Ireland

---

[1] *This sketch, written while Katherine Mansfield was at Queen's College, is obviously the preliminary sketch of the 'Pat' of* The Aloe *and* Prelude, *written some ten years after; and the moving, briefly mentioned here, is evidently the New Zealand moving of those later tales. This draft, in the style of her later work, though not written with the mastery of her best period, is highly interesting autobiographically and historically as a description of her childhood impressions while she was yet near to them. It is of interest to collectors as being an early uncollected sketch, one of those whose success made her first determine to follow writing as a career.*

whom he had seen and even conversed with. We were most proud of our gardener having rubbed shoulders with Ireland's aristocracy, and in the evening when Pat was at tea in the kitchen we would steal out and beg him to show us the manners of the people in Ireland. Standing in a row, hand in hand, we would watch while Pat put some salt on his knife, tapped it off with his fork, the little finger of his right hand well curled, in a manner which seemed to us ingenious enough for the first Lords of the land.

Pat was never very fond of me. I am afraid he did not think my character at all desirable. I professed no joy in having a bird in a cage; and one day committed the unpardonable offence of picking a pumpkin flower. He never recovered from the shock occasioned by that last act of barbarism. I can see him now, whenever I came near, nodding his head and saying, 'Well now, to think. It might have become the finest vegetable of the season, and given us food for weeks.'

Pat's birthdays occurred with alarming frequency. We always gave him the same presents—three sticks of Juno tobacco and three cakes of hokey-pokey. The presentation took place in the back-yard, and he sang us a wonderful Irish song, of which we never guessed any more than the phrase 'I threw up me hat.' It seemed to be the one definite remark throughout.

He considered it a duty to propose to each cook who came to the house, making them the offer of himself, the gloves with the 'kid backs,' and the boar tusk tie-pin whenever the occasion demanded. They never by any chance ac-

cepted him, and I am sure that he never expected them to do so.

Every afternoon he used to brush his old brown bowler hat, harness the mare and start for town, and every evening when he had come home it was my delight to wait till he had unharnessed the mare, then to be lifted on to her back, and start at a jogging trot through the big white gates, down the quiet road and into the paddock. There I waited until Pat came swinging along with the milk pails.

On these late evenings he had wonderful stories to tell of a little old man no bigger than his thumb, with a hat as high as the barb-wire fence, who, in the night, crept out of the creek, climbed up the blue gum-tree, picked some leaves from the topmost branches, and crept down again. 'You see,' Pat would say, his dear weather-beaten face as grave as possible, 'it's from blue gums that you get eucalyptus, and the old man suffered from cold, living in such dampness.'

On those evenings, too, I had my first lessons in the mysterious art of milking, but try as I would I could never obtain more than a teacup full. On several occasions the ignominy of this reduced me to tears, but Pat would say, 'You see, she's such a keen old cow, is Daisy. Having had children of her own, she knows how much you ought to have, and how much more would give you indigestion.' I was always much comforted. Pat had a wonderfully young heart. He entered into our pleasures with as much zest as we did ourselves. I played a game which had no end and no beginning, but was called 'Beyond the Blue

Mountains.' The scene was generally placed beyond the rhubarb beds, and Pat officiated as the villain, the hero, and even the villainess, with unfailing charm.

Sometimes, to make it more real, we had lunch together, sitting on the wheel-barrow turned upside down, and sharing the slice of German sausage and a bath bun with sugar loaf in it.

On Sunday mornings Pat, in the full glory of a clean blue shirt and corduroy trousers, took us for a walk in the great pine plantation.

He, childishly, used to collect gum and carry it in a corner of his handkerchief. For years afterward I believed that those trees just grew for the old witches of the woods, who used their needles in making the big, big umbrella over our heads, and all the dresses of the flowers, basting their nice fine blue calico with the gum thoughtfully provided for them. . . .

When we left that house in the country and went to live in town, Pat left us to try his luck in the goldfields. We parted with bitter tears. He presented each of my sisters with a goldfinch, and me with a pair of white china vases cheerfully embroidered with forget-me-nots and pink roses. His parting advice to us was to look after ourselves in this world and never to pick the flowers out of the vegetable garden because we liked the colour.

From that day to this I have never heard of him. I should dearly love to show him the sights of London, and take him to the 'Carlton' for a slice of German sausage and a bath bun, and see once again the way in which the Dukes of Ireland balanced salt upon their knives.

PART I. BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
	Oct. 14	1888	Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp was born in Wellington, New Zealand, the third daughter of (Sir) Harold Beauchamp.
8		1896	Attending the village school at Karori, a small township near Wellington (see 'The Doll's House'), she became absorbed in reading and in writing verse and prose sketches. According to her elder sister: 'I remember her beginning at daybreak to read from some book that was always under her pillow—which was only put there when her grandmother (see 'Prelude') insisted on removing the candle the last thing at night. Her driving force from nine was to express herself as a writer. I remember her triumph in bringing the magazine which had accepted her first "Story," [1] as she called it. She could not have been more than nine at the time.'
14–17		1903–6	With her two elder sisters (Vera Margaret and Charlotte Mary) she

[1] *The statement that her first story was printed in the* Lone Hand *magazine is erroneous, since she was eighteen when the magazine was begun in 1907.*

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
			entered Queen's College, Harley Street, London. From Dec. 1903 to Dec. 1905 she contributed to the *Queen's College Magazine* sketches of their childhood in New Zealand, and the encouragement she received launched her definitely upon her career as a writer. She left at
	June	1906	the end of the Easter term, 1906, to return to New Zealand with the family, but with rebellion at the provincialism of colonial life.
18	Oct.	1907	*The Native Companion*, an Australian magazine edited by E. J. Brady,
	Nov.		printed three of her sketches. Mr.
	Dec.		Brady had written to her on receipt of her contributions, expressing some doubt that work of such quality should be the original work of one so young. In her[1] replies she assures him that her Vignettes are original, and says: 'Please do not use the name K. M. Beauchamp, I am anxious to be read only as K.

[1] *The letters (written 23.9.1907 and 11.10.1907) are now in the possession of the Public Library of New South Wales at Sydney, Australia. There is also a letter from her father, (Sir) Harold Beauchamp (10.10.1907), stating that his daughter had shown him Brady's letter respecting her literary contributions, thanking him for the practical encouragement he had given her, and assuring him that he need have no doubt that any contributions she may send are original matter. He adds that she has been producing poetry and prose since she was eight years of age, and that she is now eighteen.*

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
			Mansfield or K. M.' This marks the adoption of her *nom de plume*.
20		1909	Returning to England, she 'suped' in travelling opera companies for support while she wrote, vainly trying to sell the MSS.
		1910	At Bavaria, recovering from an illness, she found local colour for a series of 'Bavarian Stories.' *The*
20	Feb.		*New Age* printed them, though without offering payment.
22		1911	*In a German Pension* (the collected Bavarian Stories) was printed by Stephen Swift & Co., who gave her £15 'in advance of royalties,' of which there were none, as the firm became bankrupt.
			John Middleton Murry, Oxford undergraduate, and the editor of *Rhythm*, attracted by her work, asked to meet her. (See p. 50).
22		1912	Married John Middleton Murry.
	Spring		'The Woman at the Store,' her first story of defined plot, printed in *Rhythm*. (See p. 51.)
	June		Became assistant editor of *Rhythm*. Contributed stories, reviews and verse under pseudonyms. (See p. 51.)
23	Feb.	1913	Became co-editor of *Rhythm*.
			Spent the summer in Cholesbury, Buckinghamshire. Wrote her first published letters to J. M. Murry. (*Letters*, I: 1–7.)
	May		Contributed to *Blue Review* (con-
	June		tinuation of *Rhythm*), and acted as

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
	July		associate editor with J. M. Murry for the three issues. (See p. 50.)
	Dec.		Wrote 'Something Childish but Very Natural,' which was refused by editors.
24	Feb. to Dec.	1914	Began keeping a consistent diary (edited posthumously as *Journal of Katherine Mansfield*, Constable, 1927). Started writing regularly to husband and friends. Letters published posthumously (*Letters of Katherine Mansfield*, I & II, Constable, 1928).
25	Jan.	1915	Wrote opening chapters of *Maata*, a 'book' never completed. (These chapters and a complete synopsis remain, but never have been published.)
	Summer	1915	Stayed at Acacia Road, St. John's Wood. Leslie Heron Beauchamp, her brother, visited her on his way to the front.
26	Oct.		Wrote *The Signature* (three numbers) with D. H. Lawrence and J. M. Murry. (See p. 38.) (Her contributions to the three magazines were collected posthumously, edited by J. M. Murry and printed as *Something Childish and Other Stories*, Constable, 1924; American title, *The Little Girl*, published by Knopf.) Received news that her brother had been killed at the front. (This was one of her great crises.)

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
	Nov.		Moved to Villa Pauline, Bandol, in the south of France.
26	Jan.	1916	*The Aloe* begun as an 'obligation' to make her brother live in scenes of their New Zealand childhood. (Published posthumously by Constable, Feb. 1930.) Wrote poems in a contest with J. M. Murry, constructed on a chosen theme. (See p. 58.)
	April		Removed to Cornwall, next door to D. H. Lawrence.
	Sept.		Returned to London for J. M. Murry's War Office appointment.
27		1917	Took a studio by herself in Church Street, Chelsea.
	Spring		Yearning for real home and children expressed in stories and verses of dream children.
	to		Revised *The Aloe*, shortened it and re-named it *Prelude*. (See p. 32.)
	Sept.		Sent *Prelude* to Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press. (See Appendix III.)
	Nov.		Suffered from pleurisy. Advised to go to the south of France; returned to Bandol, but became more ill during delays and privations of travel in war time.
28	Jan.	1918	Found the Mediterranean village unrecognizably altered. Unable to return to England. Read Dickens for diversion. Influenced by him.
	Feb.		Wrote *Je ne parle pas Français*. (See p. 33.)

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
			Wrote *Sun and Moon*, from a dream.
			'Found an approach to a story now which I must apply to everything . . . I've got to reconstruct everything.' (*Letters*, I: 128.)
	Feb. 19		Discovered from a hæmorrhage that she had pulmonary tuberculosis. Terrified lest she 'die and leave "scraps"—"bits"—nothing real finished. That's what matters.'
			Wrote *Bliss*. "One extraordinary thing has happened to me since I came out here. Once I start (stories) they haunt me, pursue me and plague me until they are finished and as good as I can do.' (*Letters*, I: 139.)
	March		Reached Paris, very ill. Found civilian traffic suspended and was detained for a month. (Her letters of this period are omitted from the collection as 'too painful for publication.' *Letters*, Int.)
	April		Allowed to return to London. Remained for a month with J. M. Murry in London.
	May		Ordered by doctor into the country. Stayed at Looe, in Cornwall. Note-books kept during this period were lost in the mail.
	June		*Prelude* published by the Hogarth Press. (See p. 32.)
	July		Moved with J. M. Murry to Hampstead for the winter.

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
			Translated Maxim Gorky's *Journal of the Revolution* in collaboration with S. S. Koteliansky.
29	April	1919	J. M. Murry became editor of *The Athenæum.*
			Under the initials K.M., she reviewed books weekly. (See pp. 71–86.)
			In enforced seclusion, became something of a mystic. Wrote verse for *The Athenæum* under the *nom de plume* Elizabeth Stanley. (See pp. 61–65.)
	August		Suffered from serious illness, but was advised by the physician not to enter a sanatorium: '. . . There is your work, which I know is your life. If they kept it from you you'd die.'
	Sept.		Moved to San Remo; took a small cottage at Ospedaletti.
	Nov.		Became spurred by the mediocrity of other reviews to a fearless idealism in critical essays. Surfeited with the superficiality and dishonesty of modern fiction, she was impelled to strike 'dead straight' in her own narratives.
			Translated the *Diary of Anton Tchehov* (in collaboration with S. S. Koteliansky). Much influenced by Tchehov.
			Publication of her *Je ne Parle pas Français*, printed by J. M. and Richard Murry.
30	Dec.	1920	Evidently suffered a devastating

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
			separation from her husband. (See Appendix, pp. 148–150.) Letters of the period are omitted from the collection as 'too painful for publication.' Her work of this year is greatly influenced by this third great crisis. (See *The Man Without a Temperament.*) She moved first to L'Hermitage; then to the Villa Flora at Mentone.
	Feb.		*Bliss and Other Stories* was sold to Constable. She refused to allow reprinting of *In a German Pension* unless it carried introduction explaining that it was early work. (Reprinted posthumously, 1926.)
	April		Plan to 'have stories and sketches' in *The Athenæum* urged the writing of numerous stories. (See pp. 43–44.) She returned to Hampstead for the summer.
			Went to Mentone. Lived at Villa Isola Bella.
31	Jan.	1921	Wrote *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*, one of the few stories which satisfied her.
	May		Went to Baugy; then to Montana, Switzerland.
	Sept.		Wrote *At the Bay* (a continuation of *Prelude* and intended as part of a 'novel').
32	Oct. 14		Finished *The Garden Party* on her birthday.
	Oct. 30		Completed *The Doll's House*. Did a series of stories for the *Sphere*, which 'paid better than any maga-

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
			zine.' (She was often impelled by necessity.) Disturbed by favourable criticism of her work.
	Autumn		Completed the collection for *The Garden Party and Other Stories.*
32	Spring	1922	Went to Paris for treatment with Manoukhine, Russian doctor offering new tuberculosis treatment. *The Garden Party and Other Stories* published by Constable.
	Feb.		Listed stories for a new book. (Collected posthumously by Murry; published as *The Doves' Nest*, Constable, 1923.) Worked on *The Doves' Nest*, a story, '. . . by far the longest I've ever written.' Finished *The Fly* ('Seven stories sit on the door step').
	June		Realized that the X-ray treatment aggravated her heart trouble. Returned to Montana.
	July		Wrote *The Canary*, her last completed story.
	Aug.		Made her will and returned to London, Hampstead.
	Sept.		Went to Paris for X-ray treatment, but gave it up almost immediately. 'I hope to have a better book out in the spring.'
	Oct. 17		Entered the Gurdjieff Institute at Fontainebleau. '. . . I was dying of the poverty of life.' (*Letters*, II: 261). '. . . I am tired of my little stories like birds bred in cages.' (*Letters*, II: 268.)

Age	*Month*	*Year*	
	Dec.		Sent a message to J. M. Murry, asking him to visit the Institute for a week.
	Jan. 9	1923	Died of hæmorrhage at 10.30, on the night of his arrival.
33	Jan. 11		Was buried at the communal cemetery at Avon, near Fontainebleau.

PART II. FIRST EDITIONS WITH ORIGINAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATION

A: STORIES

1. *Contemporary Collections*

[1]

[1]A FAIRY STORY

IN

THE OPEN WINDOW

October–March, 1910–1911

The Open Window | The First Volume | October–March | 1910–11 | Locke Ellis | 18 Whitcomb Street | Leicester Square | London | W.C.

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[1] *This is Katherine Mansfield's first appearance between boards. 'A Fairy Story,' more a complete story than a sketch, is the loveliest of her early work and deserves a permanent place in her collections.*

The printing of her name as Katherina Mansfield causes some confusion. It appears as Katherina throughout the book: in the Contents once; at the head of the recto pages of the story eight times; twice in the Index—both under title and under author.

This is the only instance in which her name is printed in that form. It is probably due to one of two things: to a typographical error (note errors in paging, listed above), though, if this is the case, it is consistent throughout the eight repetitions of the name.

Or it may have been an experiment in the form of the nom de plume *she was choosing at that period. Christened Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp, she signed three of her first five printed stories* (Queen's College Magazine, *Dec.* 1903–*July* 1905) *Kathleen Beauchamp. The fourth*

COLLATION: (x) + 376 + iv; consisting of: (i) Half-title: The Open Window; verso: blank; (iii) blank, verso of Frontispiece; (iv) Frontispiece, linecut by Maxwell Armfield (The Open Window); (v) Title-page as above; verso: blank; (vii)–(ix) Contents; verso:

(which was the third in order) was signed Kathleen M. Beauchamp. The fifth was signed K. M. Beauchamp.

Her next published work (in the Native Companion, *Oct., Nov., and Dec.* 1907*) was signed K. Mansfield. In a letter to the editor, Mr. E. J. Brady, dated* 11.10.1907, *she wrote:*

> *'Please do not use the name K. M. Beauchamp, I am anxious to be read only as K. Mansfield or K. M.'*

(The sole later use of her own name was with verses in the Lone Hand, *Oct.* 1909, *but these were earlier work, written in* 1907.)

Her next consecutive publication was in The New Age, *and in the fourteen contributions from Feb.* 24, 1910–*Oct.* 19, 1911 *she consistently used the name Katherine Mansfield, as she did thereafter except when intentionally hiding her identity (see* Rhythm, Signature, *and* The Athenæum).

The printing as Katherina, consequently, may be accounted for by the fact that during 1910 *she changed from Kathleen Mansfield (Beauchamp) to Katherine Mansfield. She may, in this contribution to* The Open Window *have been experimenting. Though the publication of the collection was for Oct.* 1910, *the story may easily have been contributed much earlier; or she may have been trying both Katherina and the Katherine which she used in Feb. in* The New Age.

The reprint, in Collier's Magazine, 72 : 13, *Oct.* 20, 1923, *appears under Katherine Mansfield.*

blank; Text: pp. (1)–(376); (i)–(iv) Index to volume I. Headlines in double rule: left, title of story; right, name of author.

There are no signatures.

16mo. $5\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$; untrimmed except gilt top; in blue paper-covered boards with cream buckram spine: The Open | Window | 1910–11 |

Another copy tooled, inlaid, by Sangorski.

Pages 24 and 62 are blank and unnumbered. The linecut which faces p. (65) is indexed as p. 63. 'Little Lady,' a poem by James Stephens, is indexed as p. 64, though it begins on p. (65).

Katherine Mansfield's contribution, 'A Fairy Story,' appears on pp. (162)–(176). The volume contains numerous linecuts, woodcuts and etchings, with well-arranged prose and verse by various eminent authors, including what is evidently the first printing of James Stephens' *The Lonely God*. The collection shows the Victorian influence, but it is well and pleasingly printed on parchment paper with wide margins; the etchings are tipped in. A beautiful and a rare item.

Published price was *4s. 6d.* The two volumes are listed in the 1929 *Book Prices Current* at $55.

There are only four copies listed in American collections: at Ann Arbor, Yale and Library of Congress and one in a private collection.

[2]

IN A GERMAN PENSION

Published December 1911

[1]In a German | Pension | By | Katherine Mansfield | (Printers' device) | London | Stephen Swift & Co. Ltd | 10 John Street, Adelphi

COLLATION: pp. 252 + 4 pp. advts. + 32 pp. advts. consisting of (i) Half-title: *In a German Pension;* verso: blank. (iii) Title-page as above; verso: blank. (v) Contents; verso: blank; Text: pp. 7–251; verso: imprint, *The Riverside Press Limited, Edinburgh*; advts. 4 pp. (numbered 1–4) included in Sig. Q; 32 pp. advts. printed in red and black; imprint *Neill & Co. Ltd.* at foot of page 32. Headlines throughout: recto, chapter headings; verso, *In a German Pension.*

Signatures: (A)–Q, by 8's; + 16 leaves advt., unsigned.

Crown octavo, $8\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$: issued in green cloth, with gilt

[1]*After printing* In a German Pension, *Stephen Swift & Co. Ltd. went bankrupt. The collection remained out of print until 1926, when it was reprinted by Constable. (See also Introduction to* Journal *and J. M. Murry's article in* The Literary Rev., New York Evening Post, *p. 41, Feb. 17, 1923*):

> *'... Many offers were made to her from other publishers to reproduce it, but she refused them all, at first because she would not appear, in the early years of the war, to be increasing the odium against Germany ... and later because it seemed to her too immature....'*

'For this she received £15 in advance of royalties, of which ... there were none.' (Journal *Introduction, viii). Nor was she paid by* The New Age.

lettering. Trimmed. Front cover: *In a German* | *Pension* | *Katherine Mansfield* (blind tooled with design of arrows and books). Spine: *In a* | *German* | *Pension* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield* | (ornament) | *Stephen* | *Swift*

The dust wrapper was ochre. Published price was 6s. [2]There was a posthumous edition in Feb. 1926, published by Constable, edited by John Middleton Murry. Contents and title same.

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

IN A GERMAN PENSION (12mo), $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$

First edition January 1926.

CONTENTS	FIRST PUBLICATION
'Germans at Meat'	*The New Age*, 6: 419–20, Mar. 3, 1910
'The Baron'	*The New Age*, 6: 444, Mar. 10, 1910
'The Sister of the Baroness'	*The New Age*, 7: 323–4, Aug. 4, 1910
'Frau Fischer'	*The New Age*, 7: 367–8, Aug. 18, 1910
'Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding'	*The New Age*, 7: 273–5, July 21, 1910
'The Modern Soul'	*The New Age*, 9: 183–6, June 22, 1911
'At "Lehmann's"'	*The New Age*, 7: 225–7, July 7, 1910
'The Luft Bad'	*The New Age*, 6: 493, Mar. 24, 1910
'A Birthday'	*The New Age*, 9: 61–3, May 18, 1910
'The-child-who-was-tired'	*The New Age*, 6: 396–8, Feb 24, 1910
'The Advanced Lady'	
'The Swing of the Pendulum'	
'A Blaze'	

[2]*Reprinted three years after Katherine Mansfield's death.*

[3]
PRELUDE

Published May 16, 1918

[1]Prelude | By | Katherine Mansfield | Hogarth Press | Richmond.

COLLATION: pp. (1)–(2) blank; (3) Title-page as above; verso: blank; (5) Dedication: To H.B. and J.M.M.; verso: blank; Text: pp. (7)–68; imprint: *Printed by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press.* Headlines recto and verso: *The Prelude*, to p. 20; p. 21 ff., *Prelude.*

There are no signatures.

Quarto $7\frac{11}{16} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ edges uncut; issued in lapis lazulæ wrappers ($8\frac{1}{8} \times 6$); untrimmed; lettered in black on front wrapper: Prelude | Katherine Mansfield. Published price was 3s. 6d.

The edition consisted of about 300 copies.

[2]A few rare copies have a line block design by J. D. Fer-

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[1]*The original version, called* The Aloe, *was published by Constable in a limited edition of 750 copies, in Feb. 1930.* (*See* p. 49.) *It had been revised in 1917 by Katherine Mansfield, renamed* Prelude *and given to her friends, Virginia and Leonard Woolf at their Hogarth Press. It was published after nine months* (*Sept. 1917–May 1918*).

The date of its publication is incorrectly given '1917' in the Introduction to the Journal, *p. x.*

[2]*In reply to a query from Stanford University, Mr. Leonard Woolf wrote:*

> '*27 July, 1929 . . . Some of the first edition* (*of* Prelude) *were published in a blue paper wrapper with a*

gusson on the blue wrapper. The design was selected and sent to the Hogarth Press by Katherine Mansfield, but it did not meet with the approval of Virginia Woolf, so Katherine Mansfield gracefully acquiesced in having the wrapper lettered as above.

[4]

JE NE PARLE PAS FRANÇAIS

[1]*Published 1918*

Je Ne Parle Pas Français | By | Katherine Mansfield | (ornament) | The Heron Press: Hampstead | MCMXIX

COLLATION: pp. vi + 30, consisting of: (i)–(iv) blank; (v) Title-page as above; verso: blank; Text: pp. 1–25; verso: Notice of Limitation; pp. (27)–(30) blank.

There are no signatures.

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woodcut printed on it, and others were printed on the same kind of wrapper but without the woodcut. They were all issued simultaneously and are therefore samples of the first edition.' (*Really a linecut.*)

John Middleton Murry evaluated Prelude *in the* Literary Rev., *Feb. 17, 1923:*

> '. . . *In its blue paper cover, with its uneven printing and its woolly paper, this volume, together with the three issues of* Signature, *has become one of the greatest rarities of modern book collectors. The day will come, I am persuaded, when it will be as precious as the blue paper "Adonais" of Pisa. . . .'*

[1]*In the American edition (1927) of the* Journal, *Introduction, p. x, the publication date was incorrectly printed '1917.'*

Quarto $10\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$; issued in green wrappers. Front cover, white label ($4\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{5}{16}$): one line ruled border enclosing: Je Ne Parle Pas Français | By Katherine Mansfield

Mr. Murry explains: '*Je ne Parle pas Français* was printed for private circulation by my brother and myself. It was printed in 1918, though dated 1919. The stitching and binding took us the whole of January. Of the original 100 copies, about 20 were spoiled, and of the 80 perhaps 60 actually issued.' The published price was 10s. 6d.

With the death of Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, the original first released copy was sold for £40 in May 1930. It is inscribed on the fly-leaf: 'To Cobden-Sanderson from Murry, Christmas 1919.' This copy lacks the printed label which subsequently was pasted on the wrapper. Another similar copy was listed in May 1930 at £28, and in 1929 a copy sold at Hodgson's for £30. How many of the 60 copies still exist is unknown, but they certainly are collector's items.

The original form of *Je ne Parle pas Français* is preserved only in these copies, as Constables made K. M. alter the ending of the story before including it in *Bliss*. She felt that this alteration spoiled the story (*Letters*, II: 28, to J. M. Murry):

> 'About "Je ne parle pas." No, I certainly won't agree to those excisions. . . . Shall I pick the eyes out of a story for £40? No. I'll never agree. I'll supply another story, but that is all. The *outline* would be all blurred. I must have those sharp lines. The *Times* didn't object.'

In the next letter to her husband she accepted the change:

'I feel I was too undisciplined about my story and Constable. I leave it to you. . . . If you agree to what they say . . . why then, all's well (and I DO want the money).'

The issue was not generally distributed until 1920, when the British Museum copy was received. The first review was early in February of that year, and the next (and only important review) was in *The Athenæum* on April 2nd. (See p. 110.)

[5]

BLISS AND OTHER STORIES

Published December 1920

[1]Bliss | And Other Stories | By Katherine | Mansfield | (*Sm. Printers' ornament*) London: Constable | & Company Limited

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[1]*Several manuals and handbooks have the erroneous statement that Katherine Mansfield was awarded the Femina-Vie—Heureuse Prize. The* Bookman's Manual, *Bessie Graham, ed., R. R. Boker Co., 2nd edition, p. 436:*

'*The Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize for the best English novel of the year was awarded to* Bliss *in 1921, and again to* The Garden Party *in 1922.*'

The 3rd edition, p. 432, says:

'*The Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize was awarded to* Bliss *in 1921.*'

The Author's Annual, *1929, Henry W. Lanier, ed., Payson & Clarke Ltd., also lists* Bliss *as the English novel receiving the prize for 1921.*

According to Mr. Murry's annotation: 'She never got this

COLLATION: pp. (viii)+ 280; consisting of: (i) Half-title: Bliss | & Other | Stories (ornament as on title-page); (ii) verso: [1] ". . . but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle | danger, we pluck this flower, safety"; (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: *Published 1920*; (v) Dedication: *To | John Middleton Murry;* verso: blank; (vii) Contents; verso: blank; Text: pp. 1–(280); colophon: *Printed in Great Britain at | The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.*; Headlines throughout, recto and verso, according to story.

Signatures: (A), 4 leaves; B–S, by 8's; T, 4 leaves.

Crown octavo, $7\frac{3}{16} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$; all edges cut: issued in brick-red cloth, lettered in black. Front cover, within ruled border, $\frac{1}{8}$" from outer edge: *Bliss | & Other Stories | By Katherine | Mansfield;* Spine: *Bliss | By | Katherine | Mansfield | Constable.* White end-papers. A white dust wrapper had a portrait of the author on the front. Published at 9*s.* net.

Original binding was brick-red cloth of uniform colour, lettered in narrow characters. Rebound copies have thicker characters, with white woof showing through the brick red of the cloth. Page 13 is misnumbered 3.

Bliss was reprinted in 1920; in 1921 (twice); 1922 (twice); 1923; 1924.

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prize. Bliss *was* one of the three *finally selected books in 1921, and* The Garden Party *in 1922.*'

[1] King Henry the Fourth, *Act II, Scene III, lines 10–11, spoken by Hotspur. This quotation is engraved on the tombstone of Katherine Mansfield at Avon, near Fontainebleau.*

AMERICAN EDITIONS PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF.

BLISS (12mo), $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$

First edition January 1921: reprinted April 1921, February, April, May, August, and December 1923, September 1924, July 1927, and August 1928.

Pocket Book Edition, 16mo, October 1930, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
'Prelude'[a]	(1916; revised 1917)	Hogarth Press, May 16, 1918, by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Woolf
'Je ne Parle pas Français'[b]	(Feb. 1918) [*Letters*, I: 127]	Heron Press, 1918, by J. M. and R. Murry
'Bliss'[c]	(Feb. 28, 1918)	*English Review*, 27: 108–19, Aug. 1918
'The Wind Blows'[d]	(1915)	*The Signature*, I: 18–23, Oct. 4, 1915. (As 'Autumn II,' signed Matilda Berry)
'Psychology'		
[1]'Pictures'[e]		*Art and Letters*, pp. 153–64, Autumn 1919. Also in *Georgian Stories*, 1922, p. 208–18.

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[1] *The date of the first publication of 'Pictures' is incorrectly printed '1918' in the Introduction to Katherine Mansfield's* Journal, *p. ix:*

> '. . . *Three stories of hers were published by English periodicals, all in 1918. "Bliss" in* The English Review, *and "Pictures" and "The Man Without a Temperament" in* Art and Letters.'

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
[1]'The Man Without a Temperament'	(Jan. 20, 1920) [*Journal*, p. 141]	*Art and Letters*, pp. 10–25, Spring 1920
'Mr. Reginald Peacock's Day'		Included in *Significant Contemporary Stories*, edited by Edith Mirrielees, Doubleday Doran & Co. Inc., N.Y., 1929, pp. 62–72
'Sun and Moon'[g]	(Feb. 11, 1918) [*Letters*, I: 127]	*The Athenæum*, pp. 430–2, Oct. 1, 1920 Reprinted in *Liv. Age*, 307: 419–23, Nov. 13, 1920
'Feuille d'Album'		
'A Dill Pickle'		
'The Little Governess'	(Spring, 1915) [*Letters*, I: 7]	[2]*The Signature*, Nov. 1915 (Matilda Berry)

[1]*The date of this story is also incorrectly printed.* (*See note 1.*)

According to the Journal *entry, p. 139, the story was not written until 1920:*

> '*Jan. 10*, (*1920*). *Thought out "The Exile"* ("*Man Without a Temperament*").
>
> '*Jan. 11*, (*1920*). *Worked from 9.30 till a quarter after midnight, only stopping to eat. Finished the story. . . .*'

Mr. Murry explains: '*These were guesses on my part before I had been able to examine the* Journal *and* Letters *thoroughly.*'

[2]The Signature, *now very rare, was edited by Katherine*

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
'Revelations'	(Spring, 1920)	*The Athenæum*, pp. 758–9, June 11, 1920
'The Escape'	(Spring, 1920)	*The Athenæum*, pp. 38–9, July 9, 1920

[6]

THE BLACK CAP

FIRST PUBLISHED IN

THE NEW KEEPSAKE FOR THE YEAR 1921

Published December 1920

The New (two vertical lines) Le Nouveau | Keepsake | For (two vertical lines) L'Anee | 1921 | Edited by | X. M.

Mansfield, J. M. Murry, and D. H. Lawrence. It was a thin, tan-covered pamphlet, written entirely by the editors, and was published 'by subscription only—price 2/6 for six copies.' However, only three numbers were issued: nos. 1–3, Oct. 4, Oct. 18, and Nov. 1, 1915. Of the 250 printed, 120 were destroyed. Katherine Mansfield wrote under the nom de plume *of Matilda Berry and contributed three sketches, two of which were collected in* Bliss.

D. H. Lawrence describes the undertaking in Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine, *Centaur Press, 1925, which includes the 'Crown' essays of* The Signature, *and those written for the numbers never printed. The group held weekly meetings in London, 'up a narrow staircase over a greengrocer's shop; or a cobbler's shop. . . . We scrubbed the room and colour-washed the walls and got a long table and some windsor chairs from the Caledonian market. And we used to make a good warm fire: it was dark autumn in that unknown bit of London.' The meetings, of about twelve people, were*

Boulestin | With Plates Selected by | J. E. Laboureur | Published for X. M. Boulestin, 102, George Street | Portman Square, W., by the Chelsea Book Club | 65, Cheyne Walk, S. W. | London (two vertical lines) Paris

It consisted of 127 pp., $6\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$.

The form of this rarity varies. Of the 620 copies printed, for general distribution, the first fifty copies were on Japanese vellum; the next twenty copies (numbered 51 to 70) were on blue vellum bound in black buckram, with pink lettering. These are very rare items. Five hundred and fifty copies (numbered 71 to 620) were on hand-made paper, bound in yellow buckram with black lettering. The published price of these last—some of which were available among dealers—was 18s. 6d. There were 33 special copies on heavy blue paper with black buckram and red lettering.

This collection, which was a beautifully printed anthology of English and French prose, verse, etchings and woodcuts, included Katherine Mansfield's 'The Black Cap' (pp. 37–46), which had never previously been printed, and D. H. Lawrence's 'Adolph,' reprinted from the *Dial* of Sept. 1920.

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held on Thursday nights for two months. The printing was done by some little East End Jewish printer; but the war, already a year old, discouraged the undertaking.

[7]

THE GARDEN PARTY

Published March 1922

[1]The | Garden Party | and Other Stories | By Katherine | Mansfield | [2]Montaigne dit que les hommes vont béant | aux choses futures; j' ai la manie de béer | aux choses passées. | London Bombay Sydney | Constable & Company Limited.

COLLATION: pp. (6) + 276; consisting of: (1) Half-title: *The Garden Party* | *and Other Stories;* (2) verso: publishers' notice: *By* | *The Same Author* | *Bliss* | *and Other Stories* | and excerpts from reviews; (3) Title-page, as above; (4) verso: Dedication: *To* | *John Middleton Murry* | *First Published*, 1922; (5) Contents; verso: blank; Text: pp. 7–276; colophon at foot of page: *Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner, Frome and London;* Headlines: flush, recto and verso according to story.

Signatures: (A) including (1–6)–16; B–Q by 8's; R, 2 leaves, enclosing R*, 8 leaves.

Crown octavo, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$; trimmed: issued in green-blue cloth, lettered and ruled in dark blue (first 25 copies); in ochre lettering and ruling, the latter issue of the First Edition. Front cover: in ruled panels: *The . Garden* | *Party .*

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[1]*This volume was completed in a little over six months.* (*See* Bliss, *covering six years.*)

[2]*The motto comes from Chateaubriand's 'Memoires d'Outre-Tombe.'*

and | *Other . Stories* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield* | *Author . of* | *Bliss;* Spine, in ruled panels: *The . Garden* | *Party . By* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield* | *Author . of* | *Bliss* | *Constable.* White end-papers. Dust wrapper, strawberry coloured. Published price was 7s. 6d.

Page 103, last line, has extra 's' (italics) preceding the initial 'p,' making '*s*position,' in the first two issues.

The first 25 copies were merely a binder's trial issue; these copies were sent to Australia or taken by travellers. Since the imposed blue did not show sufficiently, the lettering and panelling on the second issue of the First Edition were printed in ochre.

(This edition was examined in the Stanford University collection, the Charlotte Ashley Felton Memorial Library.)

There was a re-issue in July 1923.

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

THE GARDEN PARTY (12mo), $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$

First edition May 1922: reprinted July 1922, February, March, April, June, August, and December 1923, November 1924, July 1927, February 1929, and July 1930.

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
[1]"At the Bay"	(Sept. 1921) [*Letters*, II: 134]	*London Mercury*, 5: 239–65, Jan. 1922

[1] *'At the Bay' and 'Prelude' originally were intended to be parts of a novel, 'Karori' (named from a small township in New Zealand where she, 'Kezia,' attended elementary school). Mr. Murry's note to p. 190 of her* Journal *states:*

> *'But eventually the idea was abandoned, because K. M. saw that her novel would have been so unlike a novel that it was no use calling it one.'*

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
'The Garden Party'[i]	(Oct. 14, 1921) [*Journal*, p. 193]	*Weekly Westminster Gazette*, Feb. 4 (p. 9); Feb. 11 (p. 10); Feb. 18 (p. 16), 1922
'The Daughters of the Late Colonel'[j]	(Jan. 1921)	*London Mercury*, 4: 15–30, May 1921 Also— *Contemporary Short Stories*, K. A. Robinson, editor.
'Mr. and Mrs. Dove'[k]	(July 1921) [*Journal*, p. 184]	*Sphere*, 86: 172, Aug. 1921
'The Young Girl'[l]		*The Athenæum*, pp. 575–7, Oct. 29, 1920
'Life of Ma Parker'		*The Nation* (*Lond.*), 28: 742–3, Feb. 26, 1921 Also— *Golden Book*, 8: 85–8, July 1928 *Best Short Stories of the World*, K. Bercovici, editor.
'Marriage à la Mode'		*Sphere*, 87: 364, Dec. 31, 1921 Also in *Short Stories*, W. T. Hastings, editor. *Representative Modern Short Stories*, Macmillan Co., Alexander Jessup, editor.
'The Voyage'[m]	(Aug. 14, 1921)	Included in *New Zealand Short Stories*, O. N. Gillespie, editor. Dent
'Miss Brill'[n]		*The Athenæum*, pp. 722–3, Nov. 26, 1920

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
'Her First Ball'		*Sphere*, p. 15, Nov. 28, 1921
'The Singing Lesson'		Included in *29 Love Stories Old and New*, E. Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott, editors.
'The Stranger'[o]	(Nov. 3, 1920)	*London Mercury*, 3: 259–68, Jan. 1921 Also— *Golden Book*, 9: 22–6, Jan. 1929
'Bank holiday'		*The Athenæum*, pp. 166–7, Aug. 6, 1920
'An Ideal Family'[P]	(July 22, 1921) [*Journal*, p. 184]	*Sphere*, 86: 196, Aug. 20, 1921
'The Lady's Maid'	(Nov. 1920) [*Letters*, II: 76]	*The Athenæum*, pp. 858–9, Dec. 24, 1920 Reprinted, *Living Age*, 308: 418–21, Feb. 12, 1921

2. *Posthumous Collections*

[8]

THE DOVES' NEST

Published June 1923

The | Doves' Nest | And Other Stories | By Katherine | Mansfield | 'Reverence, that angel of the world' | London Bombay Sydney | Constable & Company Limited

COLLATION: pp. xxiv + 200; consisting of: (i) Half-

title: *The Doves' Nest* | *and Other Stories*, verso: blank; (iii) Title-page, as above; (iv) verso: imprint at foot: *Printed in Great Britain by Robert Maclehose and Co. Ltd., The University Press, Glasgow*; (v) Dedication: *To* | *Walter De La Mare*, verso: blank; (vii) Contents, verso: blank; ix–xxiii: *Introductory Note;* Text: pp. 1–(197); colophon at foot of page: Maclehose, repeated; pp. (198)–(200) blank. Headlines, recto and verso, according to story.

Signatures: (a), 4 leaves; b, 8 leaves; A–M, by 8's; N, 4 leaves.

Crown octavo, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$: issued in blue-grey cloth with panelling in blue on front cover and backbone. Front cover: *The . Doves'* | *Nest* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield.* Backbone: *The . Doves'* | *Nest . By* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield* | *Constable.* White end-papers. Blue-grey dust wrapper. Published price was 6s.

On page 64 of the first two issues, the letter 't' is omitted from the first word of line 8.

The first impression consisted of 25 copies, travellers' samples. These had no date on reverse of title. The balance of the issue has added: *First published June*, 1923 on verso of Title-page.

Reprinted, May 1925.

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

THE DOVES' NEST (12mo), $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$

First edition August 1923 : reprinted August, September, November 1923, January 1924, and January 1929.

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
*†[1]'The Doll's House'	(Oct. 30, 1921) [*Journal*, p. 194]	*Nation* (*London*), 30: 692–3, Feb. 4, 1922 Also— *Golden Book*, 2: 414: 17, Oct. 1925 *World's 100 Best Short Stories*, G. Overton, editor. *Short Stories for Class Reading*, Boas and Hahn, editors.
'Honeymoon'		*Nation* (*London*), 31: 156–7, April 29, 1922
†'A Cup of Tea'[q]	(Jan. 11, 1922) [*Journal*, p. 217]	*Story-Teller*, p. 121, May 1922 *Cassell's Weekly*, 1: 115, April 11, 1923
†'Taking the Veil'[r]	(Jan. 25, 1922) [*Letters*, II: 178]	*Sketch*, 177: 296, Feb. 22, 1922
†'The Fly'[s]	(Feb. 20, 1922) [*Journal*, p. 233]	*Nation* (*London*), 30: 896–7, Mar. 18, 1922 Also— *Century*, 104: 743–6, Sept. 1922 *Current Opinion*, 74: 437–40, April 1923 [2]Included in *Best British Short Stories*, 1923, E. J. O'Brien and J. Cournos, editors.

[1] *This story is not listed in the* International Index, *which indexes the* Nation.

[2] *The 1923 volume of* Best British Short Stories *was dedicated to Katherine Mansfield.*

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
†'The Canary'[1t]	(July 1922) [*Letters*, II: 225]	*Nation* (*London*), 33: 84, Apr. 21, 1923

[1]UNFINISHED STORIES

'A Married Man's Story'		*London Mercury*, 7: 577–86, April 1923 Also— *Dial*, 74: 451–62, May 1923
[2]'The Doves' Nest'[1u]	(Written intermittently between Jan. 1 and July 1922)	
*'Six Years After'		*Nation* (*London*), 33: 114–15, April 28, 1923 Also— *New Republic*, 34: 129–31, Mar. 28, 1923
'Daphne'	(Nov. 1931) [*Journal* p. 198]	
'Father and the Girls'	(After July 1922) [*Journal*, p. 242]	
*'All Serene'		
'A Bad Idea'		

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[1]*Several of these fragments were printed posthumously in periodicals before their collection in* The Doves' Nest.

The stories checked † were listed on Oct. 27, 1921 by Katherine Mansfield and labelled: 'Stories for my new book' (Journal, *pp. 193–4*).

*Those checked * were listed in Feb. 1922 'apparently for inclusion in a volume'* (*J. M. Murry's note*, Journal, *p. 233*).

[2]*'The Doves' Nest' was planned as '. . . the longest by far I've ever written. . . .' It never was completed.*

CONTENTS

'A Man and
His Dog'

'Such a Sweet
Old Lady'

*†'Honesty'

'Susannah'

*'Second Violin'

'Mr. and Mrs.
Williams'

*'Weak Heart'[v]

*[1]'Widowed'

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[1] *She explains why some of these were never finished:* Journal, *p. 197, Nov. 21, 1921:*

> *'Since . . . Oct. 16, 1921 I have written only the "Doll's House" . . . I have begun two stories, but then I told them and they felt betrayed. It is absolutely fatal to give way to this temptation.'*

Cf. note on this entry in the Journal:

> *'Fragments of these two stories, "Widowed" and "Second Violin" are in* The Doves' Nest,'

with the note to the same entry (reprinted in the introduction to The Doves' Nest) *naming two different stories as the ones 'told' and hence 'betrayed,' and designating them as 'Honesty' and 'All Serene.'*

In Mr. Murry's annotation of the copy, he names 'Honesty' as the one he is 'quite *sure of her having "told" and so betrayed.' The others are uncertain.*

[9]

SOMETHING CHILDISH AND OTHER STORIES

Published August 1924

Something | Childish | and Other Stories | By | Katherine | Mansfield | [1]*A little bird was asked: Why are your* | *songs so short? He replied: I have many* | *songs to sing, and I should like to sing* | *them all.* | Anton Tchehov | Constable & Co. Ltd. | London

COLLATION: pp. 2+ 260; consisting of: blank leaf included in the signature; (i) Half-title: *Something Childish* | *and Other Stories;* (ii) verso: *By the Same Author* (publishers' notice); (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: imprint at foot, *Printed in Great Britain by Robert Maclehose and Co. Ltd.* | *The University Press, Glasgow.*; (v) Dedication: To *H.M. Tomlinson*, verso: blank; (vii) Contents; verso: blank; *Introductory Note:* pp. ix–(x); Text: pp. 1–(259); colophon at foot of page; p. (260) blank. Headlines, flush; same recto and verso, but varying according to story.

Signatures: 6 leaves unsigned; A–P, by 8's; Q, 2 leaves, encloses Q2, 8 leaves.

[1]*Cf. William Gerhardi*, Anton Chechov, a Critical Study, *New York, Duffield & Co., 1923, p. 10:*

> '"*Why are thy songs so short?*" *a bird was once asked.* "*Is it because thou art short of breath?*" "*I have very many songs, and I should like to sing them all.*" *This fragment from* Daudet *was jotted down in one of Chechov's note-books.*'

SOMETHING CHILDISH

Crown octavo $7\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$; all edges cut: issued in grey buckram with lettering and panelling in dark blue. Front cover: *Something* | *Childish* | *& Other Stories* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield.* Backbone: *Something* | *Childish* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield* | *Constable*

The blue-grey dust wrapper was similar to the binding.

Of the first issue, there were 34 copies, sent for review, shipped to Australia, or given as travellers' samples.

The second issue differs by the notice on reverse of Half-title: *First published,* 1924.

Published price was 6s.

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

THE LITTLE GIRL (12mo), $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$

First edition October 1924: reprinted November 1924.

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
[1]'The Tiredness of Rosabel'	(1908)	*Colliers*, 73: 14, Feb. 9, 1924
[2]'How Pearl Button Was Kidnapped'	(1910)	*Rhythm*, II: IV, pp. 136–9, Sept. 1912. (Pseud. Lili Heron.) Also— *Woman's Home Companion*, 51: 14, Feb. 1924

[1] *These dates of completion were established by J. M. Murry, and are the ones listed in* Something Childish *and* The Little Girl.

[2] Rhythm *was a magazine 'of modern literature and art,' published in London, edited by John Middleton Murry. It was a quarterly from Summer 1911 to Spring 1912, when it became a monthly for the next 12 issues. It measured*

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
'The Journey to Bruges'	(1910)	*The New Age*, 9: 401–2, Aug. 24, 1911
'A Truthful Adventure'	(1910)	*The New Age*, 9: 450–2, Sept. 17, 1911
[1]'New Dresses'	(1910)	*Rhythm*, II: IX, 189–201, Oct. 1912
[2]'The Woman at the Store'	(1911)	*Rhythm*, I: 7–21, Spring 1911

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7 × 10 and averaged 35 pp. per issue. Nos. 1 to 4 were in grey wrappers with the title and block print design by J. D. Fergusson (who designed the rare cover for Prelude). *Of the first number, Summer 1911, there were two impressions of 250 copies each. Of the second number, Autumn 1911, there was one edition of 500 copies. Of the third and fourth numbers, 750 copies each were printed. With the fifth number, which was the first monthly issue, the wrapper was changed to bright blue, and during that year* Rhythm *was issued in larger editions. It was profusely illustrated.*

Katherine Mansfield was assistant editor, beginning with July 1912. For the last two numbers, she was co-editor. She contributed many stories under the pseudonyms of Katherine Mansfield and Lili Heron; and poems, some of which were signed 'Translated from the Russian of Boris Petrovsky,' or 'By Boris Petrovsky'; book reviews signed 'K.M.'; and two articles were in collaboration with J. M. Murry. Michael Sadleir was co-editor for the first 4 nos.

Brentano, N.Y., was American distributor, but Rhythm *is rare in America. There is one set in the Library of Congress, and a few are owned by private collectors.*

[1] *This includes (p. 193) a full-page caricature of Katherine Mansfield by Georges Banks.*

[2] *This was Katherine Mansfield's first contribution to* Rhythm, *and it 'caused a minor sensation' (J. M. Murry,* Introduction IX, Journal). *He says further* (Literary Reviews,

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
'Ole Underwood'	(1912)	*Rhythm*, II: 334–7, Jan. 1912
'The Little Girl'	(1912)	*Rhythm*, II: 218–21, Oct. 1912. (Pseud. Lili Heron.) Also— *Adelphi*, I: 378–82, Oct. 1923 *Colliers*, 72: 13, Dec. 15, 1923
[1]'Millie'	(1913)	*Blue Review*, I: 82–7, June 1913 Also— *Century*, 107: 847–50, April, 1924

New York Evening Post, *Feb. 17, 1923*): '*I asked if I might meet her as the author of a book which was to the literary undergraduate of my time a modern masterpiece* (In a German Pension). *We fell in love and were married* (*1912*). . . . *There was a year during which she was the living soul of* Rhythm . . . *and her masterly stories raised it high above any level it could have reached without her.*'

In Mr. Murry's copy, in an annotation, he amends: The '*sensation*' *was* 'very *minor.*'

In ' *The Story of the Little Magazine,*' The Bookman, 70 : 778, *Jan.* 1930, *Mr. William Troy points out :*

> '" *Liberty is the first condition of well-being,*" *announced* Rhythm. . . . *This was a heresy instantly choked by the authorities, who suppressed a short story by the late W. L. George.*'

[1]Blue Review *was a continuation of* Rhythm, *with John Middleton Murry as editor and Katherine Mansfield, associate editor. It had three issues: May, June and July, 1913, appearing in the same bright blue covers as the monthly*

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
[1]'Pension Seguin'[w]	(1913)	*Blue Review*, I: 37–42, May 1913
[2]'Violet'	(1913)	*Blue Review*, I: 103–9, June 1913 Also— *Bookman*, 54: 400–3, June 1929
[3]'Bains Turcs'	(1913)	*Blue Review*, I: 181–5, July 1913
'Something Childish but Very Natural'	(1914)	*Adelphi*, Feb.–Mar. 1924 Also— *Colliers*, 73: 8–9, Jan. 5, 1924
'An Indiscreet Journey'	(1915)	
'Spring Pictures'		
'Late at Night'	(1917)	
'Two Tuppenny Ones, Please'	(1917)	
'The Black Cap'	(1917)	'*The Keepsake for the Year* 1921,' edited by X. M. Boulestin, Chelsea Book Club

numbers of Rhythm. *Its make-up was similar, and its title-page had noteworthy names such as D. H. Lawrence, De la Mare, Rupert Brooke.*

[1] *Printed under the title, 'Epilogue.'*

[2] " " " *'Epilogue II.'*

[3] " " " *'Epilogue III.'*

CONTENTS	COMPLETION	FIRST PUBLICATION
'A Suburban Fairy Tale'	(1917)	*The Adelphi*, I: 570–4, Dec. 1923 Reprinted, *Living Age*, 320: 87–9, Jan. 12, 1924 Also— *Popular Education*, 41: 585, June 1924
'Carnation'[x]	(1917)	
[1]'See-saw'	(1919)	*The Adelphi*, II: 125–9, July 1924
'This Flower'	(1919)	
[2]'The Wrong House'	(1920)	
'Sixpence'	(1921)	*Sphere*, 86: 144, Aug. 6, 1921
'Poison'[y]	(1921)	First in U.S., *Colliers*, 72: 10, Nov. 24, 1923

In Something Childish (*published Aug. 1924*) *J. M. Murry dates 'See-Saw' 1917. In* The Adelphi (*published July 1924*) *he dates it June 1919.*

He verifies 1919 by a dated MS., found afterwards.

[2] *Note by Mr. Murry to the* Journal *entry of Jan. 16, 1920 (p. 140) corrects his dating of 'The Wrong House' which he had set at 1919 in* Something Childish.

Katherine Mansfield: 'Jan. 16 (1920). . . . In the evening began my new story "A Strange Mistake."'

J. M. Murry (note): 'Subsequently called "The Wrong House": see Something Childish, *where it is wrongly dated 1919.'*

[10]

THE ALOE

Published Feb. 1930

[1]The Aloe | by | Katherine Mansfield | London | Constable & Co Ltd | 1930

COLLATION: pp. (viii)+ (164) consisting of: Half-title; (ii) verso: publishers' notice: Of this book only 750 copies | have been printed; (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: imprint: Printed in Great Britain by Robert Maclehose and Co. Ltd. | the University Press, Glasgow.; v–(vii) Introduction; (viii) verso: blank; Text: pp. 1–(162); (163) colophon at foot of page; verso: blank; Headlines throughout, recto: The Aloe; verso: according to chapter.

Signatures: A–J by 8's. K, 2 leaves; enclosing K2, 8 leaves.

Crown octavo, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$; top edges gold; other edges uncut: issued in full tan cloth, lettered in gold. Front cover:

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[1]*This includes 'Prelude,' revised from this original version, and 'The Samuel Josephs';* Adelphi, *I: 12–19, June 1923, which also was included in* The Best Short Stories of 1924, *edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos, London, Jonathan Cape Ltd.*

This original version was published as written in the early spring of 1916 'because the Burnell family as a whole have become so dear to admirers of Katherine Mansfield,' and 'because a comparison of The Aloe *with* Prelude *gives the more critically-minded a unique opportunity for studying Katherine Mansfield's methods of work.' J. Middleton Murry, Introduction to* The Aloe.

Burnell was the family name of K. M.'s mother.

The Aloe | *Katherine Mansfield*; Spine: *The* | *Aloe* | *by* | *Katherine* | *Mansfield* | *Constable*. White end-papers; tan dust wrapper. Published price, 15s.

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

THE ALOE (8vo, limited edition), August 1930, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.

[11]

STORIES BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Published November 4, 1930

MCMXXX (in ruled border) | (vignette) | STORIES BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD (in ruled border) | A selection made by J. Middleton Murry | With designs by Zhenya Gay | PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A KNOPF NEW YORK (in ruled border)

COLLATION: pp. (vi)+ 216+ colophon consisting of: Knopf watermarked sheet not in signature; (i) Half-title: (double rules) | STORIES | BY | KATHERINE MANSFIELD | (single rule); verso: blank; (iii) Title page as above; (iv) rights (in double rules) | copyright notice: copyright 1920, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1930 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. | notice of manufacture (in double rules); (v) Table of Contents; verso: blank; Text (1) second Half-title; verso: blank; 3–215 with running heads; verso: Katherine Mansfield; recto: chapter heading according to story; text in ruled border top and bottom, with number centred; vignettes in double ruled borders heading each chapter; (216) blank; (i) Colophon in double ruled border, lower

border containing: OCTOBER MCMXXX; verso: blank; single sheet not in signature.

Signatures by 8's, unsigned.

Crown octavo 10 × 7½: Issued in red-brown cloth with darker lettering; label on spine. Trimmed, except bottom. Front cover: Vignette in double rule | STORIES BY | KATHERINE MANSFIELD | A SELECTION BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY | WITH DESIGNS BY ZHENYA GAY | ALFRED . A . KNOPF . PUBLISHER . NEW YORK | double rules. Backbone: double rule | white label 1 × 3: line ornament | STORIES | by | KATHERINE | MANSFIELD | line ornament; double rule | *Designs by* | Zhenya Gay | *Knopf* | New York

Dust wrapper white, design as on cover. Published price $5.00

[1]CONTENTS

I. Prelude . . . . . .
II. Bliss . . . . . .
III. Pictures . . . . . .
IV. The Man Without a Temperament . .
V. Feuille d'Album . . . . . .
VI. The Daughters of the late Colonel . .
VII. Life of Ma Parker . . . . . .
VIII. The Voyage . . . . . .
IX. The Stranger . . . . . .
X. A Married Man's Story . . . . .
XI. Something Childish But Very Natural .
XII. Poison . . . . . .

[1] *These stories have all been reprinted from earlier volumes. Their original periodical printing appears in the collations of the first printing.*

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

SELECTED STORIES OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD (4to), $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10$

First edition November 1930

B: POEMS

Published November 1923

Poems | By Katherine Mansfield | London: Constable & Co. Ltd.

COLLATION: pp. xii + 92 (including blank leaf); consisting of: (i) Half-title: *Poems;* (ii) verso: *By the Same Author;* (iii) Title-page, as above; (iv) verso: at top of page, *First Published 1923*; at foot of page, *Printed in Great Britain by Robert Maclehose and Co. Ltd. The University Press, Glasgow;* (v) Dedication: *To Elizabeth of the German Garden | Who Loved Certain of These Poems | and Their Author;* verso: blank; xi–xii, Introductory Note; (1) Fly-title: *Poems 1909–1910*, verso: blank; Text (with fly-titles): pp. 3–89, pp. (90–92): blank. Poem headings at tops of pages; centred numbering at foot.

Quarto, $8\frac{3}{8} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$: brown boards, backed with tan cloth; red leather label on backbone, lettered in gold: *Poems | Katherine | Mansfield.* The cloth is stamped in gold at the foot: *1923.* The dust wrapper is off-white. Published at 15s. net.

POEMS

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

POEMS (12mo), $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$

First edition February 1924: reprinted March 1925, January 1929.

POEMS: 1909–1912

	FIRST PUBLICATION
'In the Rangitaki Valley'	
'Spring Wind in London'	
'Butterfly Laughter'	*The Adelphi*, I: 186, Aug. 1923 *Harpers*, 147: 780, Nov. 1923
'The Candle'	*The Adelphi*, I: 187, Aug. 1923 *Harpers*, 147: 778, Nov. 1923 *Literary Digest*, 79: 36, Nov. 10, 1923
'Little Brother's Secret'	*The Adelphi*, I: 186, Aug. 1923 *Harpers*, 147: 781, Nov. 1923
'Little Brother's Story'	*The Adelphi*, I: 188, Aug. 1923 *Harpers*, 147: 782, Nov. 1923
'The Man With the Wooden Leg'	*The Adelphi*, I: 189, Aug. 1923 *Harpers*, 147: 782, Nov. 1923
'When I Was a Bird'	*The Adelphi*, I: 188–9, Aug. 1923.
[1]'The Arabian Shawl'	*The Adelphi*, I: 459–60, Nov. 1923
[1]'Sleeping Together'	*Harpers*, 147: 779–80, Nov. 1923 *Literary Digest*, 79: 36, Nov. 10, 1923 *Bookman*, 58: 650, Feb. 1924
'The Quarrel'	*The Adelphi*, I: 460–1, Nov. 1923
'Loneliness'	*The New Age*, VII: 83, May 26, 1910

[1] *In* Harpers, *under the title:* '*Two Nocturnes.*' *In* Bookman, *under* '*Poems of the Month.*'

[1]'The Meeting' (1911)	*The Adelphi*, I: 461, Nov. 1923
'The Gulf' (1911)	*The Adelphi*, I: 462, Nov. 1923
'The Storm' (1911)	*The Adelphi*, I: 462, Nov. 1923
'Across the Red Sky'	
[2]'Very Early Spring'	*Rhythm*, I: 4, p. 30, Spring 1912
[2]'The Awakening River'	
[3]'The Sea Child'	*Rhythm*, II: V, p. 1, 1912
[4]'The Earth Child in the Grass' (1911)	*Rhythm*, II: IV, p. 125, Sept. 1912 *The Adelphi*, 1463, Nov. 1923
[5]'To God the Father'	*Rhythm*, II: X, p. 237, Nov. 1912
'The Opal Dream Cave'	
'Sea'	*Rhythm*, II: IX, p. 305–6, Dec. 1912
[6]'Jangling Memory'	*Rhythm*, II: IX, p. 237, Jan. 1913
[7]'There Was a Child Once' (1912)	*Rhythm*, II: 271, Mar. 1913 *The Adelphi*, I: 464, Nov. 1923 *Harpers*, 147: 778–9, Nov. 1923
'The Secret'	

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[1] *The dates of composition were established by J. M. Murry.*

[2] *Written by Katherine Mansfield over the Legend, 'Translated from the Russian of Boris Petrovsky by Katherine Mansfield.'*

[3] *With this issue,* Rhythm *became a monthly, and Katherine Mansfield was made assistant editor to J. M. Murry.*

[5] *Written over the legend, 'Translated from Boris Petrovsky.'*

[4, 6, 7] *Written under the* nom de plume, *Boris Petrovsky.*

POEMS

'Sea Song'	*Rhythm*, II: XIV, pp. 453–4, Mar. 1913
'Countrywoman'	
'Stars'	
'Deaf House Agent'	

POEMS AT THE VILLA PAULINE: 1916[2]

'Villa Pauline'	
'Camomile Tea'	
'Waves'	
'The Town between the Hills'	
'Voices of the Air' (1916)	*The Adelphi*, I: 464–5, Nov. 1923 *Literary Digest*, 80: 36, Feb. 9, 1924 (From rev. in *Morning Post.*)
'Sanary'	
'To L.H.B. (1894–1915)'	*The Adelphi*, I: 136, July 1923 *Literary Digest*, 78:34, Aug. 25, 1923

POEMS: 1917–1919

'Night-Scented Stock'[Aa]	
'Now I am a Plant, a Weed'	
'There is a Solemn Wind To-night' (1917)	*The Adelphi*, I: 465, Nov. 1923 *Living Age*, 319: 478, Dec. 8, 1923
'Out in the Garden'	
[1]'Fairy Tale'	*The Athenæum*, p. 199, April 18, 1919
[2]'Covering Wings'	*The Athenæum*, p. 233, April 25, 1919

[1, 2] *Written under the* nom de plume, *Elizabeth Stanley.*

'Firelight'[BB]

[1]'Sorrowing Love' *The Athenæum*, p. 266, May 23, 1919

[2]'A Little Girl's Prayer' *The Athenæum*, p. 552, July 4, 1919

'The Wounded Bird'

[3]CHILD VERSES: 1907

'A Fairy Tale'

'Opposites'

'Song of Karen, the Dancing Child'

'A Joyful Song of Five'

'The Candle Fairy'

'Song by the Window before Bed'

'A Little Boy's Dream'

'Winter Song'

'On a Little Girl's Sixth Anniversary'

'Song of the Little White Girl'

'A Few Rules for Beginners'

[1, 2] *Written under the* nom de plume, *Elizabeth Stanley.*

[3] *These early verses were written while Katherine Mansfield was at Queen's College. There, according to her eldest sister, Mrs. Bell, 'she began her more or less continuous writing (from Dec. 1903) through the influence of the* Queen's College Magazine.' *Most of them remained unprinted until this posthumous collection.*

[1]'A Day in Bed' *The Lone Hand* (Sydney, Australia), V, Oct. 1909

The 1930 edition of *Poems*, reprinted by Constable & Co. Ltd., contains the additional two poems, 'Sunset' and 'Old Fashioned Widow's Song,' which had been previously printed as follows:

[2]Stanley, Elizabeth. 'Old Fashioned Widow's Song'; *The Athenæum*, p. 42, Jan. 9, 1920
Reprinted, *Bookman*, p. 651, Feb. 1929
Reprinted, *The New Republic*, p. 63, Mar. 5, 1930
Reprinted, *Literary Digest*, 104: 39, Mar. 22, 1930

[3]Stanley, Elizabeth. 'Sunset'; *The Athenæum*, p. 103, Jan. 23, 1920
Reprinted, *New Republic*, p. 97, Sept. 16, 1925
Copied by *Literary Digest*, 87: 38, Oct. 7, 1925
Copied by *Magazine World*, Oct. Bulletin, p. 21, Oct. 1928
Reprinted, *Bookman*, p. 651, Feb. 1929
Copied again by *Literary Digest*, 100: 29, Mar. 30, 1929
Reprinted, *New Adelphi*, II: 8, Sept., Nov. 1929
Copied for the third time by *Literary Digest*, 103: 26, Oct. 19, 1929
Reprinted for the second time by *New Republic*, p. 63, Mar. 5, 1930
Copied for the fourth time by *Literary Digest*, 104: 39, Mar. 22, 1930

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[1]The Lone Hand *magazine has been mentioned as containing her first story. This was erroneous, however, but it did publish 'Verse: a Day in Bed' (illustrated by Ida Rentoul), under the name K.M. Beauchamp. As printed in the posthumous volume, the poem includes a verse—the third—which did not appear in* The Lone Hand.

[2, 3]*This poem by Katherine Mansfield is rapidly becoming the greatest unconsciously perpetuated modern literary hoax through its nine 'first' printings.*

Genuine FIRST printing:

The Athenæum (*as above*), *Aug. 22, 1919, under the* nom de plume, *Elizabeth Stanley, under which Katherine Mansfield published several poems during the autumn of 1919 and early 1920. The magazine was edited by her husband, John Middleton Murry.*

When Mr. Murry published the posthumous collected Poems, *he failed to include 'Sunset,' 'Old Fashioned Widow's Song,' and 'Secret Flowers,' though he did include the other Elizabeth Stanley poems of the same period of publication. (See 'Covering Wings,' 'Firelight,' 'Sorrowing Love,' etc.)*

Second printing:

New Republic (*as above*), *Sept. 16, 1925.*

This was the first time 'Sunset' was published in America. It was printed without comment and signed: 'Katherine Mansfield' and '1919.'

Third Printing:

Copied by Literary Digest, *Oct. 17, 1925, the usual credit being given the* New Republic, *from which it was reprinted. This was the second printing in America, and the third printing of the poem.*

Fourth printing:

Magazine World, *Oct. 1928: 'From* New Republic.'

Fifth printing:

The Bookman, *Feb. 1929 reprinted 'Sunset' for the fourth time with this note:*

> *'The two poems following were found among Katherine Mansfield's papers early this year. They are typewritten and undated; but they are undisputably hers; nor have I much doubt concerning the times when they were written. "A Sunset," I feel sure belongs to the latter end of 1919, when under the stress of the sudden realization that she had not much longer to live, she was driven to the immediate and personal expression of poetry. "A Sunset" has obvious relation to her published poem, "The Wounded Bird." "The Old*

Fashioned Widow's Song" belongs, I believe, to a year later. In the winter of 1920, Katherine Mansfield was living at a small villa at Ospedaletti, on the north Italian coast. Her illness then caused her moments of bleak and terrible depression. . . . At such moments of intense and intolerable depression, Katherine Mansfield had an almost uncanny clarity of vision.'—John Middleton Murray.

Sixth printing:
Copied for the second time by the Literary Digest, *Mar. 30, 1929, being the fifth printing in America.*

Seventh printing:
Reprinted in The New Adelphi, *Sept.–Nov. 1929, a quarterly edited by John Middleton Murry.*

Eighth printing:
Copied for the third time by the Literary Digest, *being the sixth printing in America.*

Ninth printing:
Reprinted (with 'The Old Fashioned Widow's Song') for the seventh time in America, and the second time by the same American periodical: New Republic, *Mar. 5, 1930, with the following note signed 'The Editors':*

'These two lyrics, both of which she had written in 1919, were left by Katherine Mansfield among her unpublished manuscripts at her death in 1923. Neither of them has been printed in this country (America).—The Editors.'

Tenth printing:
Copied for its fourth time by the Literary Digest, *Mar. 22, 1930, making the eighth American printing.*
Summary of the unconscious 'Sunset' 'First printing' hoax:
The fifth printing mistaken by Mr. Murry for the first.
The first printing, nine years previous in his Athenæum.
The New Republic, *which had printed it five years previously, presenting it again, with a poem already twice printed,*

as: 'Neither . . . printed in this country.' That made the seventh printing of 'Sunset' in America.

The Literary Digest *copying it four times, presumably each time as a 'new' poem.*

The announcement of Constable for the 1930 edition: '. . . containing two new poems.'

Mr. Murry explains the confusion:

> *'The real cause of all this trouble over 'Sunset' is that I missed it (and the other two) in collecting from the* Athenæum. *Then some time later I found the MS. of the poem and had not the faintest recollection of its having been published before. To crown all this, when in 1929 I began a systematic search of the files of the* Athenæum *for K.M.'s reviews (to be included in* Novels and Novelists) *I found the poem, I had not the faintest memory that I had previously discovered it in MS.'*

'Secret Flowers,' first printed in The Athenæum, *p. 776, Aug. 22, 1919, and belonging to the same period, was not reprinted until 1930* (Harpers, *161: 7, June 1930*).

C: REMINISCENCES OF LEONID ANDREYEV

Published 1928

[1]Reminiscences | of | Leonid Andreyev | By | Maxim Gorky | Translated From the Russian | By | Katherine Mansfield | And | S. S. Koteliansky | (publishers' device in red) | New York | Crosby Gaige | 1928

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[1] *The translations appeared in* The Adelphi *under the title: 'Reminiscences of Leonid Andreyev, by Maxim Gorky.*

COLLATION: pp. (iv)+ (85); consisting of: 3 blank leaves; (i) Half-title: Reminiscences | of | Leonid Andreyev |; verso: blank; (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: copyright and printers' notices; (1) second Half-title: Reminiscences | Of | Leonid Andreyev |; verso: blank; Text: pp. 3–(85); 6 blank leaves at end.

19 cm. In 4's.

Crown octavo $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$; issued in pale apple-green boards; spine: black cloth, with gold lettering: Reminis- | cences | Of | Leonid | Andreyev | Gorky | Gaige. Published at $10.

Of this book 400 copies were printed, on hand-made English Kelmscott paper. Typography was by Frederick Wade.

Authorized translation by Katherine Mansfield and S. S. Koteliansky.'

I: 806–20, Feb. 1924
I: 892–905, Mar. 1924
I: 983–9, April 1924

They appeared in the Dial:

76: 481–91, June 1924
77: 31–43, July 1924
77: 105–20, Aug. 1924

D: [1]THE JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Published August 1927

Journal | of | Katherine Mansfield | Edited by | J. Middleton Murry | London | Constable & Co. Ltd.

COLLATION: pp. (xvi)–(252) consisting of: (i) Half-title: Journal of | Katherine Mansfield; (ii) verso: publishers' notice; (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: Dedication, To Mary Arden; Imprint at foot: Printed in Great Britain by Robert Maclehose and Co. Ltd. | The University Press, Glasgow.; (v) Contents; verso: blank; Introduction: pp. vii–(xvi), John Middleton Murry; Text pp. 1–(252); Headlines, flush, left: Journal, with date according to entry; right: title according to entry.

Signatures: 8 leaves, followed by signatures A–P in 8's, Q in 6. Crown octavo $7\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$, all edges cut; issued in blue-grey buckram with panelling in violet. Front cover: Journal . of | Katherine | Mansfield | Edited by | J. Middle-

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[1] *Printed as 'Extracts from a Journal';* The Adelphi,
I: 137–47, July 1923 (including a drawing made by Katherine Mansfield of a house where she wanted to live 'forever and ever').
I: 316–22, Sept. 1923
I: 675–80, Jan. 1924
I: 1068–73, May 1924
II: 581–7, Dec. 1924
Also in the Yale Review, *13: 303–21, Jan. 1924.*

ton. Murry; Spine: Journal | of | Katherine | Mansfield | Constable Published at 7s 6d.

[1]AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

THE JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD (8vo), ill. $8\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5\frac{3}{4}''$

First edition September 1927: reprinted October, November (twice) 1927, January, June 1928, February 1929, and February 1930.

E: THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Published 1928

VOLUME ONE

The Letters | of | Katherine | Mansfield | Edited by | J. Middleton Murry | Volume I | London | Constable & Co Ltd | 1928

COLLATION: 1 blank leaf; (i) Half-title: The Letters of | Katherine Mansfield; (ii) verso: publishers' notice; Frontispiece: Katherine Mansfield, 1913; (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: printers' notice; (v) dedication: These volumes are dedicated affectionately | to | Ida Constance Baker; verso: blank; Introductory Note: pp. vii–(viii); Text: pp.

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[1] *The American edition of the Journal of Katherine Mansfield contains thirteen full-page illustrations from photographs, not included in the English edition.*

(1)–317; p. (318) blank; Index; p. 319; verso: colophon: Printed in Great Britain | By Robert Maclehose and Co. Ltd. | The University Press, Glasgow; 1 blank leaf at end. Headlines throughout, recto and verso: *Letters;* date, varying according to letter. Signatures: K.M.L., A to U by 8's. 19½ cm.

Binding: light grey-green cloth, with panelling and lettering in purple; 4¾ × 7¼, all edges cut. Front cover: The Letters of | Katherine Mansfield | Volume | One | Edited by | J. Middleton . Murry | Spine: The . Letters | of | Katherine | Mansfield | Volume One | Constable

VOLUME TWO

The Letters | of | Katherine | Mansfield | Edited by | J. Middleton Murry | Volume II | London | Constable & Co Ltd | 1928

COLLATION: 2 blank leaves; (i) Half-title; The Letters Of | Katherine Mansfield | (ii) verso: publishers' notice; Frontispiece, Katherine Mansfield, 1921; (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: printers' notice; (v) dedication; verso: blank; Text: pp. (1)–(269); p (270) blank; Index: 271–(272); 1 blank leaf at end. Colophon at end of index. Signatures: K.M.L. II, A to R by 8's. 19½ cm.

Binding and lettering same, except that Volume Two is substituted for Volume One. Published at 15s.

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD (8vo, 2 vols.), 8¾ × 5¾

First edition February 1929: reprinted July 1929.

F: NOVELS AND NOVELISTS

Published July 11, 1930

[1]Novels & Novelists | by | Katherine | Mansfield | Edited by | J. Middleton Murry | London | Constable & Co Ltd | 1930

COLLATION: pp. (viii)–308; consisting of: (i) Half-title: Novels and Novelists; (ii) verso: publishers' notice; (iii) Title-page as above; (iv) verso: imprint at foot, Printed in Great Britain by Robert Maclehose and Co. Ltd. | The University Press, Glasgow.; (v) Introductory Note, J. M. M.; verso: blank; (vii)–(viii) Index of authors; Text: pp. 1–308. Headlines, flush; left: Novels &; right: Novelists

Signatures: 4 leaves unsigned; A–T by 8's; T, 2 leaves, encloses T2, 8 leaves.

Crown octavo $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$; all edges cut: issued in grey buckram with lettering and panelling in violet. Front cover: Novels And | Novelists | Katherine | Mansfield | Back-

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[1] *These essays and critical reviews were written by Katherine Mansfield between April 4, 1919 and Dec. 10, 1920 for* The Athenæum, *of which her husband, J. M. Murry, was editor. Despite illness and isolation, she contributed her weekly review, bound to journalism for bread. At times she rebelled violently against reading and reviewing poor modern fiction when she might be creating her own, but in time it brought her to a definite conviction about writing, which influenced her own style.* (*See Appendix LIII–LVII.*)

bone: Novels | : And : | Novelists | Katherine | Mansfield | Constable

The gray dust wrapper was similar to the binding. Published price was 7s. 6d.

CONTENTS WITH DATE OF FIRST PUBLICATION:

'THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS'; *The Athenæum*, 140, April 4, 1919
(Review of 'Hope Trueblood'
By Patience Worth
Review of 'The House of Courage'
By Mrs. Victor Richardson
Review of 'The Tunnel'
By Dorothy Richardson)

[1]'TWO NOVELS OF WORTH'; *The Athenæum*, 173–4, April 11, 1919
(Review of 'Christopher and Columbus'
By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden'
Review of 'What Not'
By Rose Macaulay)

'CITIZEN OF THE SEA'; *The Athenæum*, 205, April 18, 1919
(Review of 'Old Junk'
By H. M. Tomlinson)

'PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE LADY'; *The Athenæum*, 237–8, April 25, 1919
(Review of 'My War Experiences in Two Continents'
By S. Macnaughtan)

'A VICTORIAN JUNGLE'; *The Athenæum*, 272, May 2, 1919
(Review of 'The Gay-Dombeys'
By Sir Harry Johnston)

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[1] *These first two reviews were unsigned. All of the following articles were over the initials K. M.*

'INARTICULATIONS'; *The Athenæum*, 302, May 9, 1919
(Review of 'The Moon and Sixpence'
By W. S. Maugham)

'THE PUBLIC SCHOOL MIXTURE'; *The Athenæum*, 335, May 16, 1919
(Review of 'Loose Ends'
By Arnold Lunn)

'A BOUQUET'; *The Athenæum*, 367, May 23, 1919
(Review of 'Pink Roses'
By Gilbert Cannan)

'A CHILD AND HER NOTE BOOK'; *The Athenæum*, 400, May 30, 1919
(Review of 'The Young Visiters'
By Daisy Ashford)

'A NOVEL WITHOUT A CRISIS'; *The Athenæum*, 399, May 30, 1919
(Review of 'Heritage'
By V. Sackville-West)

'AN EXOTICIST'; *The Athenæum*, 430, June 6, 1919
(Review of 'Blind Alley'
By W. L. George)

'A SHORT STORY'; *The Athenæum*, 459, June 13, 1919
(Review of 'Kew Gardens'
By Virginia Woolf)

'GLANCING LIGHT';[Dd] *The Athenæum*, 463, June 13, 1919
(Review of 'Java Head'
By Joseph Hergesheimer)

'THE NEW INFANCY'; *The Athenæum*, 494, June 20, 1919
(Review of 'Mary Olivier'
By May Sinclair)

'FLOURISHETH IN STRANGE PLACES'; *The Athenæum*, 526, June 27, 1919
(Review of 'Love Lane'
By J. C. Snaith)

'UNCOMFORTABLE WORDS'; *The Athenæum*, 556, July 4, 1919
(Review of 'The Bonfire'
By Anthony Brendon)

'THE GREAT SIMPLICITY'; *The Athenæum*, 591, July 11, 1919
(Review of 'The Four Horsemen'
By Vincente Blasco Ibañez)

'NOVEL OF SUSPENSE'; *The Athenæum*, 622, July 18, 1919
('The Escape of Sir William Heans'
By William Hay)

'ANODYNE'; *The Athenæum*, 654, July 25, 1919
('Crabtree House'
By Howell Evans)

'POSER'; *The Athenæum*, 687, Aug. 1, 1919
(Review of 'The Land They Loved'
By G. D. Cummins)

'MR. WALPOLE IN THE NURSERY'; *The Athenæum*, 752, Aug. 15, 1919
(Review of 'Jeremy'
By Hugh Walpole)

'SANS MERCI'; *The Athenæum*, 782, Aug. 22, 1919
(Review of 'The Tender Conscience'
By Bohun Lynch)

'THE SEX COMPLEX'; *The Athenæum*, 816, Aug. 29, 1919
(Review of 'The Sleeping Partner'
By M. P. Willcocks)

'HAND MADE'; *The Athenæum*, 815, August 29, 1919
(Review of 'Storm in a Teacup'
By Eden Phillpotts)

'MR. DE MORGAN'S LAST BOOK'; *The Athenæum*, Sept. 5, 1919
(Review of 'The Old Madhouse'
By W. de Morgan)

'A LANDSCAPE WITH PORTRAITS'; *The Athenæum*, 881, Sept. 12, 1919
(Review of 'Tamarisk Town'
By Sheila Kaye-Smith)

'LIONS AND LAMBS'; *The Athenæum*, 915, Sept. 19, 1919
(Review of 'Susan Lenox'
By David Graham Phillips)

'DEA EX MACHINA'; *The Athenæum*, 948, Sept. 26, 1919
(Review of 'A Man and His Lesson'
By W. B. Maxwell)

'SENSITIVENESS'; *The Athenæum*, 976–7, Oct. 3, 1919
(Review of 'Desire and Delight'
By F. E. Penny)

'PORTAITS AND PASSIONS'; *The Athenæum*, 1002, Oct. 10, 1919
(Review of 'September'
By Frank Swinnerton)

'HUMOUR AND HEAVINESS'; *The Athenæum*, 1035, Oct. 17, 1919
(Review of 'Poor Relations'
By Compton Mackenzie
Review of 'Time and Eternity'
By Gilbert Cannan)

'A PLEA FOR LESS ENTERTAINMENT'[Ee-]; *The Athenæum*, 1067, Oct. 24, 1919
(Review of 'The Young Physician'
By F. Brett Young)

'A STANDSTILL'; *The Athenæum*, 1123, Oct. 31, 1919
(Review of 'Saint's Progress'
By John Galsworthy)

'THREE APPROACHES'; *The Athenæum*, 1153, Nov. 7, 1919
(Review of 'The Great House'
By Stanley Weyman

'THREE APPROACHES'—*continued.*
Review of 'The Splendid Fairing'
By Constance Holme
Review of 'Richard Kurt'
By Stephen Hudson)

'A "REAL" BOOK AND AN UNUSUAL ONE'[Ff]; 1187, Nov. 14, 1919
(Review of 'If All These Young Men'
By Romer Wilson
Review of 'Living Alone'
By Stella Benson)

'A SHIP COMES INTO THE HARBOUR'; *The Athenæum*, 1227, Nov. 21, 1919
(Review of 'Night and Day'
By Virginia Woolf)

'SOME ASPECTS OF DOSTOEVSKY'; *The Athenæum*, 1256, Nov. 28, 1919
(Review of 'An Honest Thief: And Other Stories'
By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett)

'CONTROL AND ENTHUSIASM'[Gg]; *The Athenæum*, 1259, Nov. 28, 1919
(Review of 'True Love'
By Allan Monkhouse
Review of 'Children of No Man's Land'
By G. B. Stern)

'REVIVAL'; *The Athenæum*, 1289–90, Dec. 5, 1919
(Review of 'Legend'
By Clemence Dane)

'A FOREIGN NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 1336, Dec. 12, 1919
(Review of 'Old People and the Things that Pass'
By Louis Couperus)

'A POST-WAR AND A VICTORIAN NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 1371, Dec. 19, 1919
(Review of 'Cousin Philip'
By Mrs. Humphry Ward;
Review of 'Benjy'
By George Stevenson)

[1]'ALEXANDER KUPRIN'; *The Athenæum*, 1399, Dec. 26, 1919
(Review of 'The Garnet Bracelet'
By Alexander Kuprin)

'THE PLAIN AND THE ADORNED'; *The Athenæum*, 15, Jan. 2, 1920
(Review of 'The Outlaw'
By Maurice Hewlett
Review of 'Evander'
By Eden Phillpotts)

'DRAGONFLIES'; *The Athenæum*, 48, Jan. 9, 1920
(Review of 'Blindman'
By Ethel Mayne
Review of 'New Wine in Old Bottles'
By Eleanor Mordaunt
Review of 'Interim'
By Dorothy Richardson)

'WORDS—WORDS—WORDS'; *The Athenæum*, 79, Jan. 16, 1920
(Review of 'Responsibility'
By James E. Agate)

'THE STALE AND THE FRESH'; *The Athenæum*, 79, Jan. 16, 1920
(Review of 'All Roads Lead to Calvary'
By Jerome K. Jerome
Review of 'Invisible Tides'
By Beatrice Seymour)

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[1]*Originally printed under the title*, 'A Collection of Short Stories.'

'AMUSEMENT'; *The Athenæum*, 143, Jan. 30, 1920
(Review of 'Sir Limpidus'
By Marmaduke Pickthall)

'PORTRAIT OF A CHILD'; *The Athenæum*, 143–4, Jan. 30, 1920
(Review of 'Coggin'
By Ernest Oldmeadow)

'THE EASY PATH'; *The Athenæum*, 179, Feb. 6, 1920
(Review of 'Full Circle'
By Mary A. Hamilton)

'PROMISE'; *The Athenæum*, 179, Feb. 6, 1920
(Review of 'Gold and Iron'
By Joseph Hergesheimer)

'SIMPLICITY'; *The Athenæum*, 211, Feb. 13, 1920
(Review of 'Shepherd's Warning'
By Eric Leadbitter;
Review of 'Eli of the Downs'
By C. M. A. Peake)

'ORCHESTRA AND SOLO'; *The Athenæum*, 241, Feb. 20, 1920
(Review of 'Peter Jackson'
By Gilbert Frankau
Review of 'The Dark River'
By Sarah Millin)

'A PARTY'; *The Athenæum*, 274, Feb. 27, 1920
(Review of 'Uncle Lionel'
By S. P. B. Mais)

'MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE'; 274, Feb. 27, 1920
(Review of 'The Death of Maurice'
By Barry Pain
Review of 'The Ancient Allan'
By H. R. Haggard)

'ON THE ROAD'; *The Athenæum*, 369, Mar. 19, 1920
(Review of 'Pilgrims of Circumstances'
By G. B. Burgin)

'MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART'; *The Athenæum*, 415, Mar. 26, 1920
(Review of 'A Man's Honour'
By Violet Methley)

'SHORT STORIES'; *The Athenæum*, 446, April 2, 1920
(Review of 'The Clintons and Others'
By Archibald Marshall
Review of 'The Surrender and Other Happenings'
By Mary Gaunt
Review of 'A Bit at a Time'
By Dion Clayton Calthrop)

'TWO MODERN NOVELS'; *The Athenæum*, 479, April 9, 1920
(Review of 'An Imperfect Mother'
By J. D. Beresford
Review of 'Two Sisters'
By R. H. Bretherton)

'BUTTERFLIES'; *The Athenæum*, 511, April 16, 1920
(Review of 'The Black Curtain'
By Douglas Goldring)

'KENSINGTONIA'; *The Athenæum*, 543, April 23, 1920
(Review of 'A Remedy Against Sin'
By W. B. Maxwell)

'ALMS'; *The Athenæum*, 573, April 20, 1920
(Review of 'The Marbeck Inn'
By Harold Brighouse;
Review of 'Lighting-up Time'
By Ivor Brown)

'PRESSED FLOWERS'; *The Athenæum*, 606, May 7, 1920
(Review of 'A Lost Love'
By Ashford Owen)

'MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S LAST NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 606, May 7, 1920
(Review of 'Harvest'
By Mrs. Humphry Ward)

'MR. MACKENZIE'S TREAT'; *The Athenæum*, 639, May 14, 1920
(Review of 'The Vanity Girl'
By Compton Mackenzie)

'A WOMAN'S BOOK'; *The Athenæum*, 639, May 14, 1920
(Review of 'The Book of Youth'
By Margaret Skelton)

'AN ENIGMA'; *The Athenæum*, 671, May 21, 1920
(Review of 'Passion'
By Shaw Desmond)

'A JAPANESE NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 671, May 21, 1920
(Review of 'An Adopted Husband'
Translated from the Japanese of Futabotei, by
B. Mitsiu and Gregg Sinclair)

'LOOKING ON'; *The Athenæum*, 702–3, May 28, 1920
(Review of 'One After Another'
By Stacy Aumonier)

'TWO NOVELS'; *The Athenæum*, 702, May 28, 1920
(Review of 'Madeline of the Desert'
By Arthur Weigall
Review of 'The Lonely House'
By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes)

'A MODEL STORY'; *The Athenæum*, 736, June 4, 1920
(Review of 'The Third Window'
By Anne Douglas Sedgwick)

'A SPRINGE TO CATCH WOODCOCKS'; *The Athenæum*, 736, June 4, 1920
(Review of 'Potterism'
By Rose Macaulay)

'A NORWEGIAN NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 767, June 11, 1920
(Review of 'Growth of the Soil'
By Knut Hamsun)

'ECHOES'; *The Athenæum*, 767, June 11, 1920
(Review of 'The Tall Villa'
By Lucas Malet)

'THE BOOKS OF THE SMALL SOULS'; *The Athenæum*, 798, June 18, 1920
(Review of 'The Later Life—The Twilight of the Souls—Dr. Adraan'
By Louis Couperus, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos)

'A PRIZE NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 831, June 25, 1920
(Review of 'Open the Door'
by Catherine Carswell)

'WANTED, A NEW WORLD'; *The Athenæum*, 831–2, June 25, 1920
(Review of 'The Mills of the Gods'
By Elizabeth Robins
Review of 'My Profitable Friends'
By Arnold Palmer
Review of 'The Golden Bird'
By Dorothy Easton)

'MR. CONRAD'S NEW NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 15, July 2, 1920
(Review of 'The Rescue'
By Joseph Conrad)

'FIRST NOVELS'; *The Athenæum*, 49, July 9, 1920
(Review of 'A Child of the Alps'
By Margaret Symonds
Review of 'The Story of a New Zealand River'
By Jane Mander)

'A HYMN TO YOUTH'; *The Athenæum*, 78, July 16, 1920
(Review of 'The Happy Foreigner'
By Enid Bagnold)

'THE OLD AND THE NEW HAND'; *The Athenæum*, 78, July 16, 1920
(Review of 'The Foolish Lovers'
By St. John Ervine
Review of 'The Great Leviathan'
By D. A. Barker)

'THE LUXURIOUS STYLE'; *The Athenæum*, 111–12, July 23, 1920
(Review of 'Linda Condon'
By Joseph Hergesheimer)

'RATHER A GIVE-AWAY'; *The Athenæum*, 111, July 23, 1920
(Review of 'Daisy Ashford: Her Book'
By the Author of 'The Young Visiters')

'HYPERTROPHY'; *The Athenæum*, 144, July 30, 1920
(Review of 'Development'
By W. Bryher)

'A FOREIGN NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 144, July 30, 1920
(Review of 'Jenny'
By Sigrid Undset)

'ESTHER WATERS REVISITED'; *The Athenæum*, 176, Aug. 6, 1920
(Review of 'Esther Waters'
By George Moore)

'A HOLIDAY NOVEL'; *The Athenæum*, 209, Aug. 13, 1920
(Review of X X X
By X. X. X.)

'THROW THEM OVERBOARD'; *The Athenæum*, 209, Aug. 13, 1920
(Review of 'The Story of the Siren'
By E. M. Forster)

'VICTORIAN ELEGANCE'; *The Athenæum*, 241, Aug. 20, 1920
(Review of 'A Fool in Her Folly'
By Rhoda Broughton)

'DEADER THAN THE DODO'; *The Athenæum*, 241, Aug. 20, 1920
(Review of 'Queen Lucia'
By E. F. Benson)

'HEARTS ARE TRUMPS'; *The Athenæum*, 272, Aug. 27, 1920
(Review of 'Island Tales'
By Jack London)

'A WITTY SENTIMENTALIST'; *The Athenæum*, 272, Aug. 27, 1920
(Review of 'In the Mountains'
Anon.)

'SUSSEX, ALL TOO SUSSEX'; *The Athenæum*, 304, Sept. 3, 1920
(Review of 'Green Apple Harvest'
By Sheila Kaye-Smith)

'SAVOIR-FAIRE'; *The Athenæum*, 304, Sept. 3, 1920
(Review of 'Lady Trent's Daughter'
By Isabel Clarke)

'LETTERS'; *The Athenæum*, 332, Sept. 10, 1920
(Review of 'Verena In the Midst'
By E. V. Lucas)

'AN IMAGINED JUDAS'; *The Athenæum*, 332, Sept. 10, 1920
(Review of 'The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot'
By Alfred Sheppard)

'A DULL MONSTER'[Hh-]; *The Athenæum*, 376, Sept. 17, 1920
(Review of 'Caliban'
By W. L. George)

'FISHING AS A FINE ART'; *The Athenæum*, 407, Sept. 24, 1920
(Review of 'The Tragic Bride'
By F. Brett Young)

'THE CASE OF MR. NEWTE'; *The Athenæum*, 407, Sept. 24, 1920
(Review of 'The Extra Lady'
By Horace W. C. Newte)

'NEW SEASON'S NOVELS'; *The Athenæum*, 439, Oct. 1, 1920
(Review of 'A Tale That Is Told'
By Frederick Niven
Review of 'The Amorous Cheat'
By Basil Creighton
Review of 'The Granite Hills'
By C. E. Heanley)

'ENTERTAINMENT AND OTHERWISE'; *The Athenæum*, 472, Oct. 8, 1920
(Review of 'The House by the River'
By A. P. Herbert
Review of 'Larry Munro'
By G. B. Stern
Review of 'The Fourth Dimension'
By Horace Annesley Vachell)

[1]'OBSERVATION ONLY'; *The Athenæum*, 519–20, Oct. 15, 1920
(Review of 'The Captives'
By Hugh Walpole)

'SOME NEW THING'; *The Athenæum*, 520, Oct. 15, 1920
(Review of 'Three Lives'
By Gertrude Stein)

'ASK NO QUESTIONS'; *The Athenæum*, 552–3, Oct. 22, 1920
(Review of 'The Romantic'
By May Sinclair
Review of 'The Last Fortnight'
By Mary Hamilton
Review of 'The Headland'
By C. A. Dawson-Scott
Review of 'The Passionate Spectator'
By Jane Burr)

'THE SILENCE IS BROKEN'[11]; *The Athenæum*, 584, Oct. 29, 1920
(Review of 'A Gift of the Dusk'
By R. O. Prowse)

'A BATCH OF FIVE'; *The Athenæum*, 616–17, Nov. 5, 1920
(Review of 'Lady Lilith'
By Stephen McKenna
Review of 'The Adventurous Lady'
By J. C. Snaith

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[1]*For her method of detailed critical study, see her letters to Walpole*, Letters, *II: 48–9, and 62.*

'A BATCH OF FIVE'—*continued.*
Review of 'The Widow's Cruse'
By Hamilton Fyfe
Review of 'Inisheeny'
By George Birmingham
Review of 'The People of the Ruins'
By Edward Shanks)

'THE MAGIC DOOR'; *The Athenæum*, 652–3, Nov. 12, 1920
(Review of 'Adam of Dublin'
By Conal O'Riordan
Review of 'Forgotten Realms'
By Bohun Lynch)

'OLD WRITERS AND NEW'; *The Athenæum*, 694–5, Nov. 19, 1920
(Review of 'Manhood End'
By Mrs. Henry Dudeney
Review of 'Quiet Interior'
By E. B. C. Jones)

'A SET OF FOUR'; *The Athenæum*, 728–9, Nov. 26, 1920
(Review of 'The Countess of Lowndes Square'
By E. F. Benson
Review of 'Just Open'
By W. Pett Ridge
Review of 'A Man of the Islands'
By H. de Vere Stacpoole
Review of 'Colour Blind'
By S. P. B. Mais)

'FRIENDS AND FOES'; *The Athenæum*, 758–9, Dec. 3, 1920
(Review of 'Personal Aspects of Jane Austen'
By M. Austen-Leigh)

'FAMILY PORTRAITS'; *The Athenæum*, 810–20, Dec. 10, 1920
(Review of 'In Chancery'
By John Galsworthy
Review of 'The Age of Innocence'
By Edith Wharton)

'AARON'S ROD.' A note in K. M.'s copy of the book, 1922.
By D. H. Lawrence
(This comment, of 100 words, was included, since K. M. had not reviewed Lawrence in *The Athenæum*.)

AMERICAN EDITION PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS (8vo), $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$

First edition October 1930.

PART III. UNCOLLECTED CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS

A: [1]UNCOLLECTED STORIES

BEAUCHAMP, KATHLEEN M.

[2]'The Pine Tree, The Sparrows and You and I'; *Queen's College Magazine*, XXII: 74–6, Dec. 1903

'Die Einsame (The Lonely One)'; *Queen's College Magazine*, XXII: 129–31, March 1904

'Your Birthday'; *Queen's College Magazine*, XXIII: 203–5, Dec. 1904

'One Day'; *Queen's College Magazine*, XXIV: 294–99, July 1905

'About Pat'; *Queen's College Magazine*, XXIV: 344–7, Dec. 1905

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[1]*Besides some twenty stories and sketches which have not been collected, there is an equal number of MS. sketches which have never been printed. These are to be edited and published shortly.*

[2]*Except for a story printed when Katherine Mansfield was eight or nine years old, the sketches in* Queen's College Magazine *were her first published work. With the exception of 'Die Einsame' they are autobiographical, and through them, for the first time, move the children of* Prelude *and* The Aloe *upon the background of their New Zealand home. The confidence which publication in this magazine gave her started her definitely upon her career as a writer.* *(See p. 16.)*

[1]MANSFIELD, K.

'Vignettes'; [2]*The Native Companion*, II (4 pp.), Oct. 1907

'Silhouettes'; *The Native Companion*, II (1 p.), Nov. 1907

'In a Café' (illustrated by Alex Sass); *The Native Companion*, II (5 pp.), Dec. 1907

MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.

'A Fairy Story'; *The Open Window*, Dec. 1910, pp. (162)–176. The author's name was printed as Katherina Mansfield.

'A Marriage of Passion'; *The New Age*, 10: 447–8, Mar. 7, 1912

'At the Club'; *The New Age*, 10: 449–50, Mar. 7, 1912

'Tales of a Courtyard'; *Rhythm*, II: 99–105, Aug. 1912.

(A story in three scenes: I, Early Spring; II, The Following After; III, By Moonlight.)

'Spring in a Dream'; *Rhythm*, II: 161–5, Sept. 1912

'Autumns'; *Signature*, I: 15–18, Oct. 1915

(I) (Matilda Berry)

as—

'Apple Tree Story'; *Woman's Home Companion*, 157: 274–6, Aug. 1928

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[1]*This marks the first use of the name K. Mansfield. The use of her entire name, K. M. Beauchamp, with the verses published at a later date* (Lone Hand *magazine*), *would be accounted for by the fact that they are earlier work than the prose contributions to* The Native Companion.

[2]*Cf. her letter to her father, Sir Harold Beauchamp, Mar. 18, 1922:*

> *'I have certainly been most fortunate as a writer. It is strange to remember buying a copy of* The Native Companion *on Lambton Quay and standing under a lamp-post . . . to see if my story had been printed.'*

'Mary'; *Harper's Magazine*, 157: 274–6, Aug. 1928.

Also in—

Magazine World, pp. 25–7, Nov. 1928
Woman's Journal, May 1929
The Scholastic, 16: 3–4, Mar. 1, 1930

(This story was originally printed in 1911 in the *Idler* magazine, Vol. XXXVI, No. 90, March 1910, pp. 661–65. Illustrated with three line blocks by R. M. Hutchings.)

Dialogue: 'The Festival of the Coronation' (with apologies to Theocritus); *New Age*, 9: 196, June 29, 1911

'Three Children' (Little Jean, Lucien, The New Baby); *The New Adelphi*, p. 132, Dec. 1927.

B: UNCOLLECTED POEMS

MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.

'Love Cycle' (Dialogue); *New Age*, 9: 589, Oct. 19, 1911

'Winter Bird'; *New Republic*, 38: 256, April 30, 1924

Also in—

The Adelphi, II: 104, July 1924
Living Age, 322: 188, July 26, 1924
Popular Education, 42: 289, Jan. 1925

'Butterfly'; *Forum*, 74: 264–5, Aug. 1925

'A Verse Fragment'; *The Adelphi*, I: 776, Feb. 1924

Same, entitled—

'Mother'; *New Republic*, 44: 70, Sept. 9, 1925

'Secret Flowers'; *The Athenæum*, 776, Aug. 22, 1919 (Elizabeth Stanley).

Also in—

Harpers, 161: 7, June 1930.

C: TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD IN COLLABORATION

[1]KOTELIANSKY, S. S., and KATHERINE MANSFIELD

'The Letters of Anton Tchehov'; *The Athenæum*,

[2]April 4, 1919, pp. 148–9
„ 18, 1919, pp. 215–16
„ 25, 1919, p. 249
May 2, 1919, p. 282
„ 23, 1919, p. 378
June 6, 1919, pp. 441–2
„ 27, 1919, p. 538
July 11, 1919, p. 602
„ 25, 1919, p. 667
Aug. 8, 1919, pp. 731–2
Sept. 5, 1919, p. 858
Oct. 24, 1919, pp. 1078–9
„ 31, 1919, p. 1135

[3]KOTELIANSKY, S. S., and KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

'The Diary of Anton Tchehov'; *The Athenæum*, pp. 460–1, April 2, 1920

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[1] *S. S. Koteliansky was a personal friend of Katherine Mansfield.* (*See* Letters, I & II *for correspondence with him.*) *She mentions the friendship in the* Journal, *p. 220:*

> *'I suppose it is the effect of isolation that I can truly say I think of De la Mare, Tchehov, Koteliansky, Lawrence, Orage every day. They are part of my life.'*

[2] *The first instalment of the translated letters is unsigned. The publication of the same letters, in 1920, by Constance Garnett, forestalled the collecting of Katherine Mansfield's.*

[3] *This same translation—with slight changes in the wording*

MANSFIELD, KATHERINE, and KOTELIANSKY, S. S.

'A Letter of Anton Tchehov'; *The Adelphi*, 2: 38, July 1924

D: UNCOLLECTED ESSAYS

MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.

'Letter to Correspondence: "A Paper Chase"' (on playing up the Crippen case in the news); *New Age*, 7: 354–5, Aug. 11, 1910

MURRY, JOHN MIDDLETON, and MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.

'Seriousness in Art'; *Rhythm*, II: 46–9, July 1912

'The Meaning of Rhythm'; *Rhythm*, II: 18–20, June 1912 (on individuality in art)

MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.

'Perambulations'; *The Athenæum*, pp. 264–5, May 2, 1919 (on the rejection of a first novel, written at thirty)

'The Cherry Orchard'; *The Adelphi*, III: 214–15, Aug. 1925. (Note by J. M. M.: 'This article was written by K. M. in 1920, on the production of the play by the Art Theatre.')

'Extracts from a Notebook.' By Katherine Mansfield. *The Adelphi*, Jan. 1931, pp. 285–91.

—is included as the first chapter in Note-Book of Anton Chekhov, *translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York, 1921. No mention is made of Katherine Mansfield, and it is possible that she had no direct connection with the publication of the translation.*

E: EARLY REVIEWS BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

[1]MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.

Rhythm, II: 25, June 1912
(Review of 'Moods, Songs and Doggerels'
By John Galsworthy)

Rhythm, II: 27, July 1912
('The Triumph of Pan'
By Victor Newberg)

Rhythm, II: 71, July 1912.
(' "Sappho." Translations, selected and arranged by E. H. R. Collins') and
'The Green Fields'
By Kenneth Hare)

Rhythm, II: 122, Aug. 1912
('Elsie Linder'
By Karin Michaelis)

Rhythm, II: 181–2, Sept. 1912
('Confessions of a Fool'
By August Strindberg)

Rhythm, II: 235, Oct. 1912
('An Anthology of Modern Bohemian Poetry'
by P. Selver)

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[1]*The reviews in* Rhythm *were over the initials K. M., and Katherine Mansfield seems to have been the chief reviewer of this magazine, which she and John Middleton Murry edited, though the reviews were inconspicuously at the back of each number, and in 6 pt. type.*

[1] *The Athenæum*, p. 760, Dec. 1920
'Two Novels'
(Review of 'Back to Life'
By Sir Philip Gibbs
and
'The Valley of Indecision'
By Major C. Stone)

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[1] *The other reviews of this period are included in* Novels and Novelists. *This one evidently was overlooked.*

PART IV. CHECK LIST OF PERIODICALS IN WHICH KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S WORK FIRST APPEARED

A. PRINTED CONTEMPORANEOUSLY

1] ART AND LETTERS

'The Pictures'—pp. 153–64, *Autumn 1919*

'The Man Without a Temperament'—pp. 10–25 *Spring 1920*

2] THE ATHENÆUM (LONDON)

'Fairy Tale' (poem)—p. 199, *April 18, 1919* (Elizabeth Stanley)

'Covering Wings' (poem)—p. 233, *April 18, 1919*

'Firelight' (poem)—p. 233, *April 25, 1919*

'Perambulations' (essay)—pp. 264–5, *May 2, 1919*

'Sorrowing Love' (poem)—p. 266, *May 23, 1919*

'A Little Girl's Prayer' (poem)—p. 552, *July 4, 1919*

Translations: 'The Letters of Anton Tchehov' (with S. S. Koteliansky)—*April 4, 1919*, pp. 148–9 to *Oct. 31, 1919*, p. 1135

'Secret Flowers' (poem)—p. 776, *Aug. 22, 1919* (Elizabeth Stanley)

'A Holiday Novel' (essay)—p. 209, *Aug. 13, 1920*

'Old Fashioned Widow's Song' (poem)—p. 42, *Jan. 9, 1920* (Elizabeth Stanley)

'Sunset' (poem)—p. 103, *Jan. 23, 1920* (Elizabeth Stanley)

Translations: 'The Diary of Anton Tchehov'—pp. 460–1, *April 2, 1920*

'Revelations'—pp. 758–9, *June 11, 1920*
'The Escape'—pp. 38–9, *July 9, 1920*
'Bank Holiday'—pp. 166–7, *Aug. 6, 1920.*
'Sun and Moon'—pp. 430–2, *Oct. 1, 1920*
'The Young Girl'—pp. 575–7, *Oct. 29, 1920*
'Miss Brill'—pp. 722–3, *Nov. 26, 1920*
'The Lady's Maid'—pp. 858–9, *Dec. 24, 1920*
Critical Essays and Reviews (see pp. 72–86), *April 1919 to Dec. 1920*

3] BLUE REVIEW

'Millie'—I: No. II, pp. 82–7, *June 1913*
'Pension Seguin'—I: No. I, pp. 37–42, *May 1913*
'Violet'—I: No. II, pp. 103–9, *June 1913*
'Bains Turcs'—I: No. III, pp. 181–5, *July 1913*

4] ENGLISH REVIEW

'Bliss'—27: 108–19, *Aug. 1918*

5] LONDON MERCURY

'The Stranger'—3: 259–68, *Jan. 1921*
'The Daughters of the Late Colonel'—4: 15–30, *May 1921*
'At the Bay'—5: 239–65, *Jan. 1922*
'A Married Man's Story'—7: 577–86, *April 1923*

6] LONE HAND, THE (SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA)

'A Day in Bed' (verse)—5, *Oct. 1909*

7] NATIVE COMPANION (AUSTRALIA)

'Vignettes' (4 pp.)—2, *Oct. 1907*
'Silhouettes' (1 p.)—2, *Nov. 1907*
'In a Café' (5 pp.)—2, *Dec. 1907*

8] NATION (LONDON)

'Life of Ma Parker'—28: 742–3, *Feb. 26, 1921*
'The Doll's House'—30: 692–3, *Feb. 4, 1922*
'The Fly'—30: 896–7, *Mar. 18, 1922*
'Honeymoon'—31: 156–7, *April 29, 1922*
'The Canary'—33: 84, *April 21, 1923*
'Six Years After'—33: 144–5, *April 28, 1923*

9] NEW AGE (LONDON)

'Bavarian Babies: The Child-who-was tired'—6: 17, p. 396, *Feb. 24, 1910*
'Germans at Meat'—6: 18, p. 419, *Mar. 3, 1910*
'Pension Sketches (1) The Baron'—6: 19, p. 444, *Mar. 10, 1910*
'The Luft Bad'—6: 21, p. 493, *Mar. 24, 1910*
'A Birthday'—9: 61–3, *May 18, 1910*
'Loneliness' (poem)—7: 4, *May 26, 1910*
'At "Lehmann's" '—7: 225, *July 7, 1910*
'Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding'—7: 273, *July 21, 1910*
'Pension Sketches: The Sister of the Baroness'—7:323, *Aug. 4, 1910*
'Letter to Correspondence: "A Paper Chase" '—7:354–5, *Aug. 11, 1910*
'Pension Sketches: (III) Frau Fischer'—7: 367, *Aug. 18, 1910*
'The Modern Soul'—9: 183–6, *June 22, 1911*
'The Journey to Bruges'—9: 401–2, *Aug. 24, 1911*
'A Truthful Adventure'—9: 450–2, *Sept. 17, 1911*
'Love Cycle' (dialogue in verse)—9: 589, *Oct. 19, 1911*

'A Marriage of Passion'—10: 447–8, *Mar. 7*, 1912

'At the Club'—10: 449–50, *Mar. 7, 1912*

10] QUEEN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE

'The Pine-Tree, the Sparrows and You and I'—XXII: 74–6, *Dec. 1903*

'Die Einsame (The Lonely One)'—XXII: 129–31, *Mar. 1904*

'Your Birthday'—XXIII: 203–5, *Dec. 1904*

'One Day'—XXIV: 294–99, *July 1905*

'About Pat'—XXIV: 344–47, *Dec. 1905*

(These all were signed in full, Kathleen Beauchamp.)

11] RHYTHM

'The Woman at the Store'—I: 4, pp. 7–21, *Spring 1911*

'Ole Underwood'—II: IX, pp. 334–7, *Jan. 1912*

'Very Early Spring' (poem)—I: 4, p. 30, *Spring 1930*

'The Awakening River' (poem)—I: 4, p. 30, *Spring 1912*

'The Sea Child' (poem)—II: V, p. 1, *June 1912*

'Tales of a Courtyard'—II: III, pp. 99–105, *Aug. 1912*

'Spring in a Dream'—II: IV, pp. 161–5, *Sept. 1912*

'How Pearl Button was Kidnapped'—II: IV, pp. 136–9, *Sept. 1912* (Lili Heron)

'The Earth Child in the Grass' (poem)—II: IV, p. 125, *Sept. 1912*

'New Dresses'—II: IX, pp. 189–201, *Oct. 1912*

'The Little Girl'—II: IX, pp. 218–21, *Oct. 1912*

'To God the Father' (poem)—II: X, p. 237, *Nov. 1912*

'The Opal Dream Cove' (poem)—II: IX, pp. 305–6, *Dec. 1912*

'Sea' (poem)—II: IX, pp. 305–6, *Dec. 1912*

'Jangling Memory' (poem)—II: IX, p. 237, *Jan. 1913*

'There was a Child Once' (poem)—II: XIV, p. 271, *Mar. 1913*

'Sea Song' (poem)—II: XIV, pp. 453–4, *Mar. 1913*

12] SIGNATURE

'Autumn I' (afterwards called 'Apple Tree Story')—pp. 15–18, *Oct. 4, 1915*
(Matilda Berry)

'Autumn II' (afterwards called 'The Wind Blows')—pp. 18–23, *Oct. 4, 1915*
(Matilda Berry)

'The Little Governess'—Nov. 1915
(Matilda Berry)

13] SKETCH

'Taking the Veil'—177 : 296, *Feb. 22, 1922*

14] SPHERE

'Sixpence'—86: 144, *Aug. 6, 1921*

'Mr. and Mrs. Dove'—86: 172, *Aug. 13, 1921*

'An Ideal Family'—89: 196, *Aug. 20, 1921*

'Her First Ball'—15, *Nov. 28, 1921*

'Marriage à la Mode'—87: 364, *Dec. 31, 1921*

15] STORY TELLER

'A Cup of Tea'—p. 121, *May 1922*

16] WEEKLY WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

'The Garden Party'—*Feb. 4* (p. 9); *Feb. 11* (p. 10); *Feb.* 18 (p. 16); *1922*

17] THE OPEN WINDOW

'A Fairy Story'—(pp. 162–176) Dec. 1910 (Katherina [*sic*] Mansfield.) Not yet collected.

18] IDLER MAGAZINE

'Mary'—pp. 661–665, March 1910

B. PRINTED POSTHUMOUSLY

17] THE ADELPHI (LONDON)

'Samuel Josephs'—I: 12–19, *June 1923*

'To L. H. B. (1894–1915)' (poem)—I: 136, *July 1923*

'A Suburban Fairy Tale'—I: 570–4, *Dec. 1923*

'There is a Solemn Wind To-night' (poem)—I: 465, *Nov. 1923*

'Extracts from a Journal'—pp. 137–47, Vol. I, no. 2, *July 1923* (on p. 47 is a drawing by K. M. of a scene and house where she wanted to live 'forever and ever.')

Vol. I, No. 4, *Sept. 1923*, pp. 316–22
„ I, No. 8, *Jan. 1924*, pp. 675–80
„ I, No. 12, *May 1924*, pp. 1068–73
„ II, No. 7, *Dec. 1924*, pp. 581–7

'Extracts from a Notebook'—pp. 285–291, *January* 1931 'A Verse Fragment' (poem, later called 'Mother')—I: 776, *Feb. 1924*

'See-Saw'—II: 125–9, *July 1924*

Translations: 'Reminiscences of Leonard Andreyev, (Maxim Gorky)'—*June–Aug. 1924*

'Butterfly Laughter'
'The Candle'
'Little Brother's Secret'
'Little Brother's Story'
'The Man with the Wooden Leg'
'When I was a Bird'
I: 186–9, *Aug. 1923*

'Sleeping Together'
'The Arabian Shawl'
'The Quarrel'
'The Meeting'
'The Gulf'
'The Storm'
'Voices of the Air'
I: 459–62, *Nov. 1923*

18] COLLIERS

'Poison'—72: 10, *Nov. 1923*
'The Tiredness of Rosabel'—73: 14, *Feb. 9, 1924*

PART V. PERIODICAL CRITICISM OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S COLLECTED WORKS, LISTED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

[1]

[1]CRITICAL ARTICLES ON 'IN A GERMAN PENSION'

Crawford, (John) W. 'Katherine Mansfield Reconsidered'; *New York Times*, Book Review Section, III: 2, Jan. 31, 1926

Anon. 'In a German Pension'; *New York World*, p. 7, Jan. 31, 1926

Anon. 'In a German Pension'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, p. 136, Feb. 25, 1926

M., L. D. 'A Pension in Germany'; *Boston Transcript*, p. 2, Feb. 10, 1926

Anon. ('In a German Pension'); Books (*New York Herald-Tribune*), p. 14, Feb. 28, 1926

Kennedy, P. C. 'In a German Pension'; *New Statesman*, 26: 649, Mar. 6, 1926

C(rawford), (John) W. 'In a German Pension'; *International Book Review*, p. 334, April 1926

Anon. ('In a German Pension'); *Booklist*, 22: 340, May 1926

Anon. ('In a German Pension'); *Cleveland Open Shelf*, p. 80, June 1926

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[1]*Mr. Murry adds: 'There were, of course, some reviews of* In a German Pension *when it originally appeared: one, very favourable, I remember, in* The Morning Post.'

[2]

CRITICAL ARTICLES ON 'BLISS AND OTHER STORIES'

[1]S(ullivan), J. W. N. 'The Story-Writing Genius' (Review of 'Je ne Parle'); *The Athenæum*, p. 447, April 2, 1920 (not previously catalogued)
(The first review to hail her genius.)

Anon. 'Miss Mansfield's Stories'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, p. 855, Dec. 16, 1920

Pendlethwaite, Jasper. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Saturday Westminster Gazette*, p. 16, Jan. 1, 1921

[2]Anon. 'Prelude—Review of "Bliss and Other Stories" '; *The Athenæum*, p. 67, Jan. 21, 1921

Anon. 'Unpleasant Stories'; *Saturday Review*, 131: 157, Feb. 19, 1921

H., R. 'Bliss'; *New Republic*, 26: 114–15, March 23, 1921

Aiken, Conrad. 'The Short Story as Poetry'; *Freeman*, 3: 310, May 11, 1921

Houghton, Elizabeth. 'Bliss'; Literary Review (*New York Evening Post*), p. 8, May 14, 1921

Cowley, Malcolm. 'Page Mr. Blum'; *Dial*, 71: 365, Sept. 1921

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[1] *Mr. Murry notes: 'I can't remember whether there were any reviews of* Je ne parle pas, *except the one by Sullivan.'*

[2] *Mr. Murry notes: 'An important review of* Bliss *was that (unsigned) by Walter De la Mare. This gave great pleasure to K. M.*

'There were only 3 reviews of Prelude *when it appeared separately—in* The Times Literary Supplement, *in* The Nation (*Edward Garnett: unfavourable*), *in* The Daily News.'

[3]

CRITICAL ARTICLES ON 'THE GARDEN PARTY'

Anon. 'Miss Mansfield's New Stories'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, p. 137, Mar. 2, 1922

Anon. 'The Garden Party'; *Saturday Review*, 133: 266, Mar. 11, 1922

Anon. 'The Garden Party'; *Spectator*, 128: 342, Mar. 18, 1922

West, Rebecca. 'Notes on Novels'; *New Statesman*, 18: 678, Mar. 18, 1922

Anon. 'Miss Mansfield's New Stories'; *Nation* (London), 30: 949–50, Mar. 25, 1922

Anon. 'The Garden Party'; *English Review*, 34: 602, June 1922

Anon. 'The Garden Party'; *New York Times*, p. 19, June 4, 1922

Houghton, Elizabeth. 'Life at Close Range'; *Literary Review*, p. 737, June 17, 1922

Aiken, Conrad. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Freeman*, 5: 357–8, June 21, 1922

Littell, Robert. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *New Republic*, 31: 166, July 5, 1922

Laub, D. K. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Detroit News*, p. 7, July 16, 1922

M., D. L. 'Short Stories of Life Among the English Middle Class'; *Boston Transcript*, p. 4, July 22, 1922

Krutch, J. W. 'The Unfortunate Mendoza'; *Nation*, New York, 115: 100, July 26, 1922

Cowley, Malcolm. 'The Author of Bliss'; *Dial*, 73: 230–2, Aug. 1922

Anon. ('The Garden Party'); *Booklist*, 19–21, Oct. 1922

Anon. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Springfield Republican*, p. 8, No. 7, 1922

Anon. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Cleveland Open Shelf*, p. 86, Nov. 1922

[4]

CRITICAL ARTICLES ON 'THE DOVES' NEST'

S(hanks), E(dward). 'Fiction—"Bliss" '; *London Mercury*, 3: 337, Jan. 1923

Henry, Grace. (' Katherine Mansfield'); *Irish Statesman*, I: 562, June 12, 1923

Royde-Smith, Naomi G. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Weekly Westminster*, 17: June 7, 1923

Lynd, Sylvia. ('The Doves' Nest'); *Time and Tide*, 4: 633, June 22, 1923

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield's Last Stories'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, 22: 437, June 28, 1923; same, *Spectator*, 130: 1085–6, June 30, 1923

Gould, Gerald. 'New Fiction—"The Doves' Nest" '; *Saturday Review*, 135: 874, June 30, 1923; same, *Observer*, p. 9, May 18, 1923

Mortimer, Raymond. 'New Novels—"The Doves' Nest" '; *New Statesman*, 21: 394–6, July 7, 1923

Aiken, Conrad. 'The Short Story as Confession'; *Nation* (London), 33: 490, July 14, 1923; same, *New Republic*, 35: 307, Aug. 8, 1923

Lynd, Sylvia. 'Letter' (Answer to Conrad Aiken); *Nation* (London), 33: 519, July 21, 1923

Morris, Lloyd. 'Katherine Mansfield's Last Work'; *New York Times*, Book Review Section, p. 11, Aug. 5, 1923 (portrait)

Odle, E. V. ('The Doves' Nest'); *Bookman* (London), 64: 236–7, Aug. 1923

Priestley, J. B. 'The Doves' Nest'; *London Mercury*, 8: 438–9, Aug. 1923

Eddy, Frederick B. 'The House-Front Open'; Literary Review, *New York Evening Post*, 4: 59, Sept. 22, 1923 (portrait); also portrait in 3: 431, Feb. 3, 1923

S., J. F. 'Doves' Nest'; *Boston Transcript*, p. 1, Sept. 29, 1923

Anon. ('Doves' Nest'); *Springfield Republican*, p. 7, Oct. 7, 1923

Gregory, Alyse. 'Artist or Nun'; *Dial*, 75: 484–6, Nov. 1923

Anon. ('Doves' Nest'); *Booklist*, 20: 58, Nov. 1923

Krutch, J. W. 'Imponderable Values'; *Nation*, New York, 118: 210–11, Feb. 20, 1929

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CRITICAL ARTICLES ON 'SOMETHING CHILDISH AND OTHER STORIES' (AMERICAN TITLE 'THE LITTLE GIRL'.)

Anon. 'Something Childish'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, p. 511, Aug. 21, 1924

Anon. ('Something Childish'); *Observer*, p. 4, Aug. 31, 1924

Hartley, L. P. 'Something Childish'; *Spectator*, 133: 328–30, Sept. 6, 1924

Aldington, Richard. 'Something Childish'; *Nation* (Lond.), 35: 694–5, Sept. 6, 1924; same, *New Republic*, 40: 207, Oct. 22, 1924

Lynd, Sylvia. ('Something Childish'); *Time and Tide*, 5: 884, Sept. 12, 1924

Gould, Gerald. 'New Fiction'; *Saturday Review*, 138: 268, Sept. 13, 1924

Franklin, John. 'Something Childish'; *New Statesman*, 23: 649, Sept. 13, 1924

Harwood, H. C. ('Something Childish'); *Outlook* (London), 54: 191, Sept. 13, 1924

Ross, Mary. 'Little Girl'; *New York Tribune*, p. 3, Oct. 19, 1924

Priestley, J. B. 'Something Childish'; *London Mercury*, 10: 660, Oct. 1924

Boyd, Ernest. 'Readers and Writers'; *Independent*, 113: 317, Oct. 25, 1924

Armstrong, Martin. ('Something Childish'); *Bookman* (London), 67: 32, Oct. 1924

Anon. 'Miss Mansfield's Short Stories'; *New York Times*, pp. 8–9, Nov. 9, 1924

Anon. ('Something Childish'); *Booklist*, 21: 112, Dec. 1924

Whipple, T. K. 'The Artist Self-Revealed'; *Saturday Review of Literature*, 1: 342, Dec. 6, 1924

Aldington, Richard ('Something Childish'); *Little Review*, p. 8, Jan. 10, 1925

Katzin, Winifred. 'The Little Girl'; *International Book Review*, 3: 212, Feb. 1925

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Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield's Poems'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, p. 892, Dec. 20, 1923

Blunden, Edmund. 'A Prose-Writer's Poems'; *Nation* (London), 34: 609, Jan. 26, 1924

Anderson, Maxwell. 'Poems'; *New York World*, p. 6, Jan. 27, 1924

Anon. 'Poems'; *New York Times*, Book Review, p. 12, Feb. 10, 1924

Littell, Robert. 'A Bad Mistake'; *New Republic*, 37: 288–9, Feb. 6, 1924

Widdemer, Margaret. 'The Poems of the Month'; *Bookman* (New York), 58: 650, Feb. 1924

Benet, R. 'Poems'; Literary Review (*New York Evening Post*), 645, April 5, 1924

Anon. 'Poems'; *Nation* (New York), 118: 485–6, April 23, 1924

Anon. 'Briefer Mention: Poems'; *Dial*, 76: 372, April 1924

F(arrar), J(ohn). 'Quiet Versifiers'; *Bookman* (New York), 59: 211, April 1924

Church, Richard. 'Still the Brave Poets'; *The Spectator*, 311: 623, April 12, 1930

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CRITICAL REVIEWS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S JOURNAL

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, 26: 559, Aug. 18, 1927

Shanks, Edward. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Saturday Review*, 144: 251, Aug. 20, 1927

Church, Richard. 'The Sensitive Plant'; *Spectator*, 139: 288–9, Aug. 20, 1927

Woolf, Virginia. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Nation* (London), 41: 750, Sept. 10, 1927; same, *Books* (*New York Herald-Tribune*), p. 1, Sept. 18, 1927

Aiken, Conrad. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *New York Evening Post*, p. 10, Sept. 17, 1927

Tomlinson, H. M. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *The New Adelphi*, p. 94, Sept. 1927

Clark, Edwin. 'In the Journal of Katherine Mansfield, the Record of a Sensitive Mind'; *New York Times*, p. 5, Oct. 9, 1927

Latimer, Margery. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *New York World*, p. 11, Oct. 9, 1927

Anon. 'Journal of Katherine Mansfield'; *Living Age*, 333: 750, Oct. 15, 1927

Anon. 'Journal of Katherine Mansfield'; *Independent*, 119: 389, Oct. 15, 1927

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Pittsburg Monthly Bulletin*, 32: 594, Nov. 1927

Anon. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Boston Transcript*, p. 4, Dec. 7, 1927

Walton, Edith H. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Bookman* (New York), 66: 468–9, Dec. 1927

Anon. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Booklist*, 24: 116, Dec. 1927

Ross, Mary ('Katherine Mansfield'); *Atlantic's Bookshelf*, Dec. 1927

Anon. 'Journal of Katherine Mansfield'; *Nation* (New York), 125: 716, Dec. 21, 1927

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CRITICAL REVIEWS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S LETTERS

Shanks, Edward. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Saturday Review*, 146: 542, Oct. 27, 1928

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Times* (London), 27: 801, Nov. 1, 1928

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Observer*, p. 7, Nov. 25, 1928

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *New Statesman*, 32: 226, Nov. 24, 1928

B(lunden), E(dmund). 'Katherine Mansfield's Evolution'; *Nation* (London), 44: 296–8, Nov. 24, 1928

Anon. 'Letters of Katherine Mansfield'; *Bookman* (London), 5: 183–4, Dec. 1928 (portrait)

Brooks, Van Wyck. 'A Story-Teller's Letters'; *Outlook*, 151: 311, Feb. 20, 1929

Kronenberger, Louis. 'Katherine Mansfield Was Completely an Artist'; *New York Times*, p. 5, Feb. 24, 1929

Warner, S. T. 'Katherine Mansfield'; Books, *New York Herald-Tribune*, p. 1, Feb. 24, 1929

Brewster, Dorothy. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *New York Evening Post*, p. 10, Mar. 2, 1929

Gillet, Louis. 'Lettres de Katherine Mansfield'; *Deux Mondes*, 51: 213–27, Mar. 1929

Latimer, Margery. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *New York World*, p. 11, Mar. 17, 1929

Matthews, T. S. 'The Creation of a Writer'; *New Republic*, 58: 147–8, Mar. 20, 1929

Dow, Jean. 'Genius Undecided'; *Commonweal*, 9: 603–4, Mar. 27, 1929

Walton, Edith H. 'The Letters of Katherine Mansfield'; *Bookman* (New York), 69: 207–8, April 1929

Bosanquet, Theodora. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Yale Review*, 18: 801–3, Summer 1929

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[1]CRITICAL REVIEWS OF 'NOVELS AND NOVELISTS'

Anon. ('Novels and Novelists'); *The Times Literary Supplement*, p. 589, July 17, 1930

[2]Burdett, Osbert. 'Miss Mansfield on Novels'; *Saturday Review*, 150: 86–8, July 19, 1930

Roberts, R. Ellis. 'Ways of Fiction'; *New Statesman*, 35: 597, Aug. 16, 1930

Rylands, George. ('Novels and Novelists'); *Nation and Athenæum*; 47: 708, Sept. 6, 1930

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[1] *These are the reviews which appeared in periodicals prior to Jan.* 1931, *when these proofs were returned to the publisher.*

[2] *Despite the ten years which had elapsed between the original publication of Katherine Mansfield's critical sketches in* The Athenæum *and their collection in book form, they were received with favourable comment on every side. An excerpt from the* Saturday Review *is representative:*

> *'. . . Even when one differs from the accidents of her criticism, one is sure that, on the substance she was never deceived, and that no fine piece of work could fall under her eyes without an instant recognition of its quality. . . . These reviews, written week after week for eighteen months, surviving their day, so that even the books which gave the least opportunity to her produced, after ten years of silence, no review that is ashamed of itself.'*

[1] Pritchett, V. S. 'Toy Balloons'; *Spectator*, 145: 315, Sept. 6, 1930

Hansen, Harry ('Novels and Novelists'); *New York World*, p. 11, Oct. 27, 1930

R. F. L. ('Novels and Novelists'); *Outlook*, 156: 347, Oct. 29, 1930

Kronenberger, Louis. 'Katherine Mansfield's Notes on Novelists'; *New York Times* (Book Review), p. 6, Dec. 7, 1930

[10]

ARTICLES OF GENERAL DISCUSSION OR APPRECIATION OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S WORK

Anon. 'Miss Mansfield's Stories'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, 19: 855, Dec. 16, 1920

Anon. 'Real Life and Dream Life'; *Nation* (London), 28: 639–40, Feb. 5, 1921

'Like life reflected in a round mirror. . . . We can see around corners and into alcoves that are usually hidden from our sight. The adventures of the soul are the themes of her stories.'

Street, G. S. 'Nos et Mutamur'; *London Mercury*, 5: 54–6, Nov. 1921

The confession that on second reading the author discovered that Katherine Mansfield's stories were

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[1] *The only distinctly unfavourable review of this collection is tempered by:*

'*One is, however, obliged to put these austere feelings aside because the persistent interest of anything Katherine Mansfield wrote easily masters them.*

complete in ending, the conclusion of 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel' having given the clue to *Bliss*.

Murry, John Middleton. 'The Short Story' (Georgian Stories, 1922); *Nation* (London), 31: 712–13, Aug. 26, 1922

A review of the volume containing 'Pictures.' (See Appendix XVII.)

Wayfarer, A [H. W. Massingham]. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Nation* (London), 32: 575, Jan. 13, 1923

The notice of her death.

Armstrong, Martin. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Spectator*, Literary Supplement, 130: 211, Feb. 10, 1923

Embracing the common contemporary comments; 'psychological crises; yards out of a strip of unimportant events; cynicism.'

Collins, Joseph. 'The Rare Craftsmanship of Katherine Mansfield'; *The New York Times*, Book Review, p. 7, Feb. 18, 1923 (portrait); same: 'The Greatest Short Story Writer'; *Literary Digest*, 76: 32–3, Mar. 17, 1923

'She knew her art as Leonardo knew his.' She wrote with a 'touch as sure' and a 'tone as pure' as Chekhov. One of the first articles to acclaim her genius in unrestricted terms.

Moult, T. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Bookman* (London), 63: 227–8, Feb. 1923

Littell, Robert. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *New Republic*, 34: 22, Feb. 28, 1923

'Through a desire, joined to the rarest capabilities for understanding, she attained knowledge of some of those secrets about human beings which lie beyond judgment.' A tribute and elegy written shortly after her death.

Armstrong, Martin. 'The Art of Katherine Mansfield'; *Fortnightly Review*, 119: 484–90, Mar. 1923
A study of her use of symbolism, 'used like a poet's.'

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield's Hold on Literary Immortality'; *Current Opinion*, 74: 436–7, April 1923
An introduction to a reprint of 'The Fly,' which bears the publisher's caption: 'An Allegorical Indictment of Life.'

Harwood, H. C. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Outlook* (London), 51: 519, June 23, 1923

Murry, J. M. 'Stendahl & Style'; *Adelphi*, I: 342–3, Sept. 1923
Reporting Katherine Mansfield's definition of style, and her explanation of how she attained certain effects. (See Appendix p. 204.)

Gillet, Louis. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *Deux Mondes*, 24: 929–42, Dec. 15, 1924
This review, with 'Lettres de Katherine Mansfield,' *Deux Mondes*, 51: 213–27, Mar. 1929, was reprinted in *Esquisses Anglaises*, Paris, Firmin Didot et Cie, 1930. An important contribution.

Huxley, Aldous. 'The Traveller's-Eye View'; *Nation* (London), 37: 203–4, May 16, 1925
'Like Conrad, she sees her characters from a distance, as though at another table at a café . . . each is a window into a lighted room.' Aloofness is the key-note.

Hubbell, George Shelton. 'Katherine Mansfield and Kezia'; *Sewanee Review*, 35: 325–35, July 1927
Collecting the children of Katherine Mansfield's stories, but failing to make the essential point: that Kezia is K. M., herself, while certain others are her own children.

Freeman, Kathleen. 'The Art of Katherine Mansfield'; *The Canadian Forum*, 7: 302–8, July 1927

A study of her methods of 'bringing characters alive,' and some analyses of plot structure, attributing the ending of 'Prelude' and 'At the Bay' to the fact that 'the story ends when enough has been given us of the particular lives of the characters to enable us to see the whole.' Publication, since, of *Letters* and *The Aloe* throw further light upon this problem.

Shanks, Edward. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *London Mercury*, 17: 286–93, Jan. 1928

An attempt to explain K.M.'s style as 'this pictorial method.' 'She composed her story in pictures; she approached her story first by means of the eye, and what she sought for most . . . was the phrase which should produce the greatest visual impact on the mind of the reader.'

Wagenknecht, Edward. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *The English Journal*, 17: 272–84, April 1928

Excellent analysis of her style, technique, and the steps in her progress as 'one of the finest stylists in the long record of English prose.' An important review.

O'Brien, Edward J. 'The Fifteen Finest Short Stories'; *Forum*, 79: 908, June 1928

Among which he includes 'The Fly': 'as inevitable as the passage of time.'

Church, Richard. 'Sensibility'; *Spectator*, 141: 597, Oct. 27, 1928

'As though Daphne pursued and tormented by Apollo were strayed, through fear, into our modern world.' A note on her sensitiveness of perception and delineation.

Anon. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *The Times Literary Supplement*, p. 801, Nov. 1, 1928

Marcel, Gabriel. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, p. 268, Feb. 1929

Williams, Orlo. ('Katherine Mansfield'); *The New Criterion*, p. 508, April 1929

Mr. Murry's note: 'Two important (critically valuable) reviews of the *Journal* and *Letters* together.'

Harper, G. McLean. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *The Quarterly Review*, 253: 377–87, Oct. 1929

Piecing together her life from *Letters* and *Journal*. Evidently for those not familiar with her work.

Wagner, G. Damon. 'A Race Against Time'; *The Personalist*; 11: 120–5, April 1930

A sentimental survey of the more personal portions of the *Journal* and *Letters*.

Cox, Sidney. 'The Fastidiousness of Katherine Mansfield'; *The Sewanee Review*

'An attempt at a spiritual portrait of the great person found in K. M.'s stories, sketches, journal and letters—found and rediscovered.' A contribution to criticism from a new angle.

[11]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

T(omlinson), H. M. 'Contemporaries—Katherine Mansfield'; *Nation* (London), 32: 609, Jan. 20, 1923

Describing her appearance and the impression she made: 'Katherine Mansfield's beauty was attractive, but it was also unearthly and a little chilling, like the remoteness of Alpine snow.'

Murry, John Middleton. 'Katherine Mansfield'; the Literary Review (*New York Evening Post*), 3: 461–2, Feb. 17, 1923

An estimate by her husband—immediately after Katherine Mansfield's death—of her literary career and publications.

Murry, John Middleton. 'The Weariness of Ivan Bunin'; *The Dial*, 76: 194–7, Feb. 1924

A description of Katherine Mansfield's eager meeting with Ivan Bunin, author of 'The Gentleman from San Francisco,' and one who had known Chekhov. 'There was some personal bond between them (K. M. and Chekhov), such that, though Chekhov was dead, some essential communication seemed to pass between his spirit and hers. He was always living to her, always at her elbow to remind her of the necessity of that strange purity of soul which they shared. Yet she had never known any one who had known him. So she went to meet Bunin.' (See *Letters*, II: 218).

[1]Anon. 'New Cult of Gurdjieff'; *Current Opinion*, 76: 467, April 1924

[1]Bechhofer, C. E. 'Forest Philosophers'; *Century Magazine*, 108: 66–78, May 1924

[1]Orage, A. R. 'Talks with Katherine Mansfield'; *Century Magazine*, 109: 36–40, Nov. 1924

Delineating her plans for the new type of sketch she was to write after she left the Institute. An addition to the material in *Journal* and *Letters*, explained to her friend, editor of *The New Age*, who had published her first *Pension* sketches.

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[1]*Discussions of the Gurdjieff Institute ('Seekers After Truth') at which Katherine Mansfield spent her last days.*

De la Mare, Walter. 'Horse in the Field (to Katherine Mansfield')*;* to be found in the *Home Book of Verse*, Henry Holt, 1925

'And the name of the horse was genius.' A philosophic, descriptive poem, relating an episode with K. M. and its significance in revealing her genius.

Littell, R. 'Katherine Mansfield'; *New Republic*, 34: 22, Feb. 28, 1923

An appreciative delineation of the unsubstantial reality behind the pattern of her work.

Brown, Grace Z. 'Katherine Mansfield's Quest'; *Bookman* (New York), 61: 687–91, Aug. 1925

A tourist expedition to Katherine Mansfield's home at 5 Acacia Road and the ensuing impressions, in 'feature' journalistic style. The review ends with the brief biography later used as the *Journal* introduction.

[1]Young, Dr. James. 'Life at the Gurdjieff Institute'; *The New Adelphi*, Sept. 1928

Murry, J. M. 'A Month After'; *The Adelphi*, I: 94–6, July 1923

The effect of the vivid personality of Katherine Mansfield upon her husband after her death.

Anon. (evidently by J. M. Murry). 'In Memory of Katherine Mansfield'; *The Adelphi*, I: 666–5, Jan. 1924

A philosophic and descriptive poem of Katherine Mansfield for the first anniversary of her death.

Lawrence, D. H. 'Nine Letters (1918–1919) from D. H. Lawrence to Katherine Mansfield'; *The New Adelphi*, III: 276–85, June–Aug. 1930

The replies to K.M.'s letters to Lawrence (see *Letters*, I and II).

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[1]*Discussions of the Gurdjieff Institute* ('*Seekers After Truth*') *at which Katherine Mansfield spent her last days.*

Murry, John Middleton. 'Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence'; *The New Adelphi*, III: 264–5, June–Aug. 1930
Katherine Mansfield's early struggle with poverty, and her gay delight in living is paramount in this description of their friendship with Lawrence after 1913.

[12]

UNCLASSIFIED CRITICISM

MacCarthy, Desmond. *New Statesman*, 16: 45, Jan. 15, 1921

Shanks, Edward. *Queen*, 18: 678, Mar. 18, 1922

Anon. *The Times Literary Supplement*, July 27, 1922

Lynd, Sylvia. *Weekly Westminster Gazette*, p. 12, Jan. 20, 1923

Loring, Pierre. *Liberator*, 5: 35, Feb. 28, 1923

Waddell, Leila. *Shadowland*, p. 51, Oct. 1923

Mencken, Henry L. *Smart Set*, New York, p. 138, Nov. 1923

Henry, Grace. *Irish Statesman*, 1: 562, Jan. 12, 1924

Muir, Edwin. *Freeman*, 8: 477, Jan. 23, 1924

'Quotem, Caleb.' *John o' London's Weekly*, 11: 780, Sept. 13, 1924

Shanks, Edward. *Queen*, p. 11, Sept. 17, 1924

Sitwell, Edith. *Vogue* (London), early Oct. 1924

Wolfe, Humbert. *Weekly Westminster*, 2: 662, Oct. 4, 1924

Ross, Mary. Books, *New York Herald-Tribune*, p. 3, Oct. 19, 1924

Montgomery, John. *Double Dealer*, 7: 73, Nov.–Dec. 1924

Brown, Grace. Books, *New York Herald-Tribune*, 67: 687, Aug. 1925

Nicholl, Louise. *New York Sun*, p. 7, Jan. 23, 1926

Royde-Smith, Naomi. *Weekly Westminster*, p. 17, June 7, 1927

Taggard, Genevieve. *New Masses*, p. 26, Feb. 1928

Gordon, W. R. *Daily News*, p. 4, Oct. 25, 1928

Lynd, Sylvia. *Time and Tide*, 9: 1010, Oct. 26, 1928

Moult, T. *Manchester Guardian*, p. 7, Oct. 31, 1928

Skackleton, Edith. *Queen*, p. 12, Oct. 31, 1928

Moult, Thomas. *T. P.'s Weekly*, 11: 176, Dec. 1, 1928

Morrow, H. L. *John o' London's Weekly*, 20: 352, Dec. 8, 1928

Reid, Forrest. *Irish Statesman*, 11: 277, Dec. 8, 1928

Moult, Thomas. *Bookman* (London), 75: 183, Dec. 1928

Fadiman, Clifton P. *New York Sun*, p. 25, Feb. 16, 1929

Warner, Sylvia Townsend. Books, *New York Herald-Tribune*, p. 1, Feb. 24, 1929

Brewster, Dorothy. *New York Evening Post*, p. 10M, Mar. 2, 1929

Latimer, Margery. *New York World*, Mar. 17, 1929

Vaugn, S. E. *Canadian Forum*, 9: 208, Mar. 1929

Benson, Stella. *New Adelphi*, 2: 257, Mar.–May 1929

Walton, Edith H. *Bookman* (New York), 69: 207, April 1929

APPENDIX

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S CRITICISM OF HER OWN WORKS; HER AIM AS AN ARTIST; HER COMMENTS ON HER PUBLICATIONS

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APPENDIX

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS IN LETTERS

Sir H. B.	Beauchamp, Sir Harold
The Hon. D. B.	Brett, Hon. Dorothy
J. G.	Galsworthy, John
W. G.	Gerhardi, William
A. G.	Gibbons, Arnold
S. S. K.	Koteliansky, S. S.
Mrs. S. L.	Lynd, Mrs. Sylvia
Lady O. M.	Morrell, Lady Ottoline
J. M. M.	Murry, J. Middleton
R. M.	Murry, Richard
Mrs. C. R.	Renshaw, Mrs. Charles
A. E. R.	Rice, Anne Estelle
The Countess R.	Russell, The Countess
S. S.	Schiff, Sydney
V. S.	Schiff, Violet
H. W.	Walpole, Hugh
Mrs. V. W.	Woolf, Mrs. Virginia

APPENDIX

A—STORIES

a-

'PRELUDE'

Letters I: 83, to D.B.: I threw my darling 'Prelude' to the Wolves and they ate it and served me up so much praise in such a golden bowl that I couldn't help feeling gratified. I did not think they would like it at all and I am still astounded that they do.

Letters I: 17–18, March 25, 1915, to J. M. M.: I had a great day yesterday. The muses descended in a ring like the angels on the Botticelli Nativity roof, or so it seemed to 'humble' little Tig, and I fell into the open arms of my first novel. I have finished a huge chunk, but I shall have to copy it on thin paper for you. I expect you will think I am dotty when you read it; but, tell me what you think, won't you? It's queer stuff. It's the spring makes me write like this. Yesterday I had a fair wallow in it, and then I shut up shop and went for a long walk along the Quai—very far. It was dusk when I started, but dark when I got home. The lights came out as I walked, and the boats danced by. Leaning over the bridge I suddenly discovered that one of those boats was exactly what I want my novel to be. Not big, almost grotesque in shape —I mean perhaps heavy—with people rather dark and

seen strangely as they move in the sharp light and shadow; and I want bright shivering lights in it, and the sound of water. (This, my lad, by way of uplift.) But I think the novel will be all right. Of course, it's not what you could call serious—but then I can't be, just at this time of the year, and I've always felt that a spring novel would be lovely to write.

Letters I: 39, Dec. 10, 1915, to J. M. M.: . . . My work is shaping for the first time to-day—I feel nearer it—I can see the people walking on the shore and the flowery clusters hanging on the tree . . . if you know what I mean. It has only been a dim coast and a glint of foam before.

Journal, pp. 47–8, Feb. 16, 1916 (for her brother): I found 'The Aloe' this morning. And when I had re-read it I knew that I was not quite 'right' yesterday. No, dearest, it was not just the spirit. 'The Aloe' is right. 'The Aloe' is lovely. It simply fascinates me, and I know that it is what you would wish me to write. And now I know what the last chapter is. It is your birth—your coming in the autumn. You in Grandmother's arms under the tree, your solemnity, your wonderful beauty. Your hands, your head—your helplessness, lying on the earth, and, above all, your tremendous solemnity. That chapter will end the book. The next book will be yours and mine. And you must mean the world to Linda; and before ever you are born Kezia must play with you—her little Bogey. Oh, Bogey—I must hurry. All of them must have this book. It is good, my treasure! My little brother, it is good, and it is what we really meant.

Journal, pp. 48–51, 'A Recollection of Childhood': Things happened so simply then, without preparation and without any shock. They let me go into my mother's room (I remember standing on tiptoe and using both hands to turn the big white china door-handle), and there lay my mother in bed with her arms along the sheet, and there sat my grandmother before the fire with a baby in a flannel across her knees. My mother paid no attention to me at all. Perhaps she was asleep, for my grandmother nodded and said in a voice scarcely above a whisper, 'Come and see your little sister.' I tiptoed to her voice across the room, and she parted the flannel, and I saw a little round head with a tuft of goldy hair on it and a big face with eyes shut—white as snow. 'Is it alive?' I asked. 'Of course,' said grandmother. 'Look at her holding my finger.' And—yes, a hand, scarcely bigger than my doll's, in a frilled sleeve, was wound round her finger. 'Do you like her?' said my grandmother. 'Yes. Is she going to play with the doll's house?' 'By-and-by,' said the grandmother, and I felt very pleased. Mrs. Heywood had just given us the doll's house. It was a beautiful one with a verandah and a balcony and a door that opened and shut and two chimneys. I wanted badly to show it to someone else. . . . (See 'The Doll's House.')

Letters I: 82–4, Oct. 11, 1917, to Hon. D. B.: . . . It seems to me so extraordinarily right that you should be painting Still Lives just now. What can one do, faced with this wonderful tumble of round bright fruits, but gather them and play with them—and become them, as it were? When I pass an apple-stall I cannot help stopping

and staring until I feel that I, myself, am changing to an apple, too, and that at any moment I can produce an apple, miraculously, out of my own being, like the conjuror produces the egg.... When you paint apples do you feel that your breasts and your knees become apples, too? Or do you think this the greatest nonsense. I don't. I am sure it is not. When I write about ducks I swear that I am a white duck with a round eye, floating on a pond fringed with yellow-blobs and taking an occasional dart at the other duck with the round eye, which floats upside down beneath me.... In fact the whole process of becoming the duck (what Lawrence would perhaps call this consummation with the duck or the apple!) is so thrilling that I can hardly breathe, only to think about it. For although that is as far as most people can get, it is really only the 'prelude.' There follows the moment when you are more duck, more apple, or more Natasha than any of these objects could ever possibly be, and so you create them anew.

Forgive me, but that is why I believe in technique, too. (You asked me if I did.) I do just because I can't see how art is going to make that divine spring into the bounding outline of things if it hasn't passed through the process of trying to become these things before re-creating them.... 'What form is it?' you ask. Ah, Brett, it's so difficult to say. As far as I know, it's more or less my own invention. And 'How have I shaped it?' This is about as much as I can say about it. You know, if the truth were known I have a perfect passion for the island where I was born. Well, in the early morning there I always remember

feeling that this little island has dipped back into the dark sea during the night only to rise again at the gleam of day, all hung with bright spangles and glittering drops. (When you ran over the dewy grass you positively felt that your feet tasted salt.) I tried to catch that moment—with something of its sparkle and its flavour. And just as on those mornings white milky mists rise and uncover some beauty, then smother it again and then again disclose it, I tried to lift that mist from my people and let them be seen and then to hide them again.... It's so difficult to describe all this and it sounds perhaps over-ambitious and vain. But I don't feel anything but intensely a longing to serve my subject as well as I can.

But the unpardonable, unspeakable thrill of this art business. What is there to compare? And what more can we desire?

Letters I: 162–3, early May, 1918, to Mrs. Virginia Woolf: I have been 'kept in'... That is why, missing one day, I did not send the drawings the next. (Note to entry: J. D. Fergusson's designs for the cover of 'Prelude,' which appear on certain rare copies of the first edition.) I gave Murry the notices to have printed for me and I thought as they were going to adorn picture galleries it would be a good idea to have the pictures on 'em. They ought to be ready by tomorrow. Your notice looks awfully nice.

Letters I: 164, May 12, 1918, to D. B.: I saw Virginia (Woolf) on Thursday... My poor dear 'Prelude' *is still* piping away in their little cage and not out yet. I read some pages of it and scarcely knew it again, it all seems so once upon a time. But I am having some Notices printed and

they say it will be ready by June. And won't the 'Intellectuals' just hate it. They'll think it's a New Primer for Infant readers. Let 'em.

Letters I: 182, May 29, 1918, to J. M. M.: I have heard from V(irginia Woolf) who dislikes the drawing very much. So does L(eonard Woolf). Well, it's their press. I suppose they'd better not use them. Just a plain blue cover with 'Prelude' on it.

Letters I: 183, May 29, 1918, to Mrs. Virginia Woolf: It's of course for you and Leonard to use 'em or not, and as you don't like 'em why there's an end on't. But the blue paper with just the title on it would be nice; I hope that you use that. Six or seven orders—what extreme minginess! I blush at the idea. I shall have to come back and persuade you and L. to let me sell it on a barrow—customers to bring their own wrappings.

Letters I: 195, June 6, 1918, to Mrs. Virginia Woolf: How jolly about the blue paper and Trystan Edwards, too. Perhaps he will sail up the river to get his copy in a three-masted brigantine with eleven sails. . . . (Note to entry: A sailor who was one of the few advanced subscribers for 'Prelude.')

Letters I: 216, Nov. 1, 1918, to Mrs. Woolf: I am awfully glad that 'Prelude' has given a little pleasure. I have felt guilty towards you on its account, as a matter of fact, for I thought it had been a Bad Failure and you cursed the day. . . .

Letters I: 229, May 1919, to Mrs. Woolf: I am thankful people are buying a copy or two of 'Prelude.' I hate to

think of it loading up your ship. I don't see how your press can be other than a Prodigious success. It must be very nice, cruising about among the islands and deciding to put in—now here—now there—and seeing what the natives have to bring aboard. (Alas, my dear woman, I have no poem. I am not a poet.)

b-

'JE NE PARLE PAS FRANÇAIS'

Letters I: 119–20, Feb. 3, 1918, A. M. to J. M. M.: . . . I really feel I ought to send you some boughs and songs, for never was time nor place more suited, but to tell you the truth I am pretty well absorbed in what I am writing ('Je ne Parle pas français'), and walk the blooming countryside with a 2*d.* notebook, shutting out *les amandiers*. But I don't want to discuss it in case it don't come off . . .

I've two 'kick-offs' in the writing game. One is joy—real joy—the thing that made me write when we lived at Pauline, and that sort of writing I could only do in just that state of being, in some perfectly blissful way at peace. Then something delicate and lovely seems to open before my eyes, like a flower without thought of a frost or a cold breath, knowing that all about it is warm and tender and 'ready.' And that I try, ever so humbly, to express.

The other 'kick-off' is my old original one, and, had I not known love, it would have been my all. Not hate or destruction (both are beneath contempt as real motives), but an extremely deep sense of hopelessness, of everything doomed to disaster, almost wilfully, stupidly, like

the almond tree and '*pas de nougat pour le noël.*' There! I got it exactly—a cry against corruption—that is absolutely the nail on the head. Not a protest—a cry. And I mean corruption in the widest sense of the word, of course.

I am present, fully launched, right out in the deep sea, with this second state. I may not be able to 'make my passage,' I may have to put back and have another try: that's why I don't want to talk about it, and have breath for so little more than a hail. . . .

Letters I: 120–21, Feb. 3, 1918, P. M. to J. M. M.: I don't dare to work any more to-night. I suffer so frightfully from insomnia here and from night terrors. That is why I asked for another Dickens; if I read him in bed he diverts my mind. My work ('Je ne Parle pas Français') excites me so tremendously that I almost feel insane at night, and I have been at it with hardly a break all day. A great deal is copied and carefully addressed to you, in case any misfortune should happen to me. Cheerful! But there is a great black bird flying over me, and I am so frightened it will settle—so terrified. I don't know exactly what kind he is . . .

Letters I: 121, Feb. 4, 1918, to J. M. M.: I am posting you the first chapter of my new work to-day. I have been hard put to it to get it copied in time to send it off, but I am so exceedingly anxious for your opinion.

It needs perhaps some explanation. The subject, I mean *lui qui parle*, is taken from F. and M., and God knows who. It has been more or less in my mind ever since first I felt strongly about the French. But I hope you'll see (of

course, you will) that I'm not writing with a sting. I'm not indeed.

I read the fair copy just now and couldn't think where the devil I had got the bloody thing from—I can't even now. It's a mystery. There's so much less taken from life than anybody would credit. The African laundress I had a bone of—but only a bone—Dick Harmon, of course, partly is—

Oh God! Is it good? I am frightened. For I stand or fall by it. It's as far as I can get at present; and I have gone far deeper than ever I have before. You'll laugh a bit about the song. I could see Goodyear grin as he read that. . . . But what is it like? Tell me—don't spare me. Is it the long breath, as I feel to my soul it is, or is it a false alarm? You'll give me your dead honest opinion, won't you?

If this gets lost I break my pen.

I am only, at the moment, a person who works, comes up to read newspapers, and to wait for postmen, goes down again, drinks tea.

Letters I: 125, Feb. 9, 1918, to J. M. M. : . . . 'Sthry recewid mafnifient Murly,' I read, and of course this bowled me over so much that the pins won't keep in my hair and my buttons pop like fuchsia buds and my strings all squeak when they are pulled. Well, the only response I can make is to send you the next chapter, which I'll post, as before, on Monday. But oh dear, oh dear! you have lighted such a candle! Great beams will come out of my eyes at lunch and play like searchlights over the *pommes de terre* and terrify these insect children.

Now, of course, my only faint fear is: 'Will he like the next chapter as much?' Well, I must 'wait and see.' I must say when I wrote about the tea last night—that's a funny little typical bit—I came all over and nearly cried a sort of sweet tears. . . . I say, haven't I got a bit of you? Funny thing is I think you'll always come walking into my stories. . . .

Letters I: 126–7, Feb. 10, 1918, to J. M. M.: I have just done up in an envelope the rest of our story. . . . I don't want to exaggerate the importance of this story or to harp upon it. . . . But what I felt so seriously as I wrote it was—ah! I am in a way grown up as a writer—a sort of authority. Pray God you like it, now you've got it all.

Letters I: 127, Feb. 11, 1918, to J. M. M.: About your letter about the first chapter (of 'Je ne Parle pas Français'). I read it and wept for joy. How can you so marvellously understand . . . I did feel (I do) that this story is the real thing and that I did not once (as far as I know) shirk it. Please God I'll do much better—but I felt: 'There, I can lay down my pen now I've made that, and give it to him.' But, Christ! a devil about the size of a flea nips in my ear, 'Suppose he's disappointed with the second half?' . . .

Letters I: 128, Feb. 14, 1918, to J. M. M.: . . . I went a great old walk yesterday, came in, screwed my head tight, and thought myself nearly black in the face, but got very little down. Trouble is I feel I have found an approach to a story now which I must apply to everything. Is that nonsense? I read what I wrote before that last and I feel: No, this is all once removed: It won't do. And it won't. I've got to reconstruct everything.

Letters I: 151, March 10, 1918, to J. M. M.: . . . You remember writing to me in your criticism of 'Je ne Parle pas Français' that Dick Harmon seemed to have roots? It struck me then and the sound of it has gone echoing in me. That's really the one thing I can't do without. I feel so immensely conscious of my own roots. You could pull and pull and pull at me—I'll not come out. You could cut off my flowers—others will grow. . . . And I could divide up the people with or without them in a jiffy. And although one may be sometimes deceived—sometimes they are so clever, the bad ones: they plant themselves and look so fair that those two little children we know so well stand hand in hand admiring them and giving them drops of water out of the tin watering-can—they fade at the going down of the sun, and the two little children are perfectly disgusted with them for being such cheats, and they hurl them over the garden wall before going back to their house for the night. . . .

Letters I: 239, July 29, 1919, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . M.'s poems are out! and he is printing at lightning speed a long story of mine. We are both slaves to the *Athene*, but when we do escape we are happy and talk and build sand castles. Will the treacherous tide have them—knock them flat? I don't know.

Letters II: 11, Feb. 1920, to R. M.: Yesterday, no, the day before, I received a copy of 'Je ne Parle pas.' I want to thank you for having printed it so beautifully. It makes me very happy to see your name on the back page. *My* share doesn't satisfy me at all, but yours fills me with

pride. I hope a little handful of people buys it for the sake of covering the expense.

Letters II: 28, April 1920, to J. M. M.: I've just got your note about 'Je ne Parle pas.' No, I certainly won't agree to those excisions if there were 500,000,000 copies in existence. They can keep their old £40 and be hanged to them. Shall I pick the eyes out of a story for £40? I am furious with S. No, I'll never agree. I'll supply another story, but that is all. The outline would be all blurred. It must have those sharp lines. *The Times* didn't object. As to 'The Wind Blows,' I put that in because so many people had admired it (Yes, it's 'Autumn II.,' but a little different), and queer people spoke so strongly about it I felt I must put it in. But this had better be held over till I get back. I'll never consent. I'll take the book away first. Don't worry about it. Just tell S. he's a fool. As to 'The Little Governess,' it *was* on my list and I asked you to include it!! (Caught out!) But don't you worry. It will have to wait. Of course I won't consent!

Letters II: 28, April 7, 1920, to J. M. M.: I feel I was too undisciplined about my story and Constable. I leave it to you. You're my cricket. If you agree to what they say—why then, all's well (and I *DO* want the money).

C-

'BLISS'

Letters I: 138–9, Feb. 28, 1918, to J. M. M.: It's three o'clock. I've finished this new story, 'Bliss,' and am sending it to you. But though, my God! I *have* enjoyed writing it, I am an absolute rag for the rest of the day and

you must forgive no letter at all. I will write at length to-morrow. Oh, tell me what you think of our new story (that's quite sincere). Please try and like it, and I am now free to start another. One extraordinary thing has happened to me since I came out here! Once I start them they haunt me, pursue me, and plague me until they are finished and as good as I can do. . . .

I walked to a little valley yesterday that I longed to show you. I sat on a warm stone there. All the almond flowers are gone, but the trees are in new leaf and they were full of loving, mating birds—quarrelling, you know, about whether to turn the stair-carpet under or to cut it off straight. And the trees were playing ball with a little breeze, tossing it to each other.

I sat a long time on my stone, then scratched your initials with a pin and came away. . . .

Letters I: 172, May 21, 1918, to J. M. M.: I suppose Harrison won't take my story. Wish he would. (Note: 'Bliss.' It had been sent to *The English Review*, which published it.)

Letters I: 180, May 26, 1918, to J. M. M.: P.S.—Please don't forget to tell me the moment Harrison sends my story ('Bliss') back. Back it will come, of course. But I want to know *at once.*

Letters I: 193, June 5, 1918, to J. M. M.: It's good, I think, I didn't meet Massingham, who, I am sure, will not print ('Carnation'). And please don't forget to tell me when 'Bliss' comes back. I feel it is come. That's why.

d-

'THE WIND BLOWS'

Letters I: 105, Jan. 22, 1918, to J. M. M.: . . . The wind still blows a hurricane here. In the night the rain joined in, but now the sun beats in the air like a kite. It is like living on a ship. The hotel is all bolted and barred up, the big doors closed and a strange twilight in the hall. People go about in shawls and coats. If a window is opened the seas of the air rush in and fill it. The great palm trees have snapped like corks, and many a glittering plume trails in the dust. They say it never has been known before. I have begun to like it. . . .

Letters I: 233, June 1919, to Lady O. M.: The sound of the wind is very loud in this house. The curtains fly—there are strange pointed shadows—full of meaning—and a glittering light upon the mirrors. Now it is dark—and one feels so pale—even one's hands feel pale—and now a wandering broken light is over everything. It is so exciting—so tiring, too—one is waiting for something to happen. One is not oneself at all in this weather—one is a being possessed—caught in the whirl of it—walking about very lightly—blowing about—and deeply, deeply excited. . . . Do you feel that, too? I feel one might say anything—do anything—wreck one's own life, wreck another's. What does it matter? Everything is flying fast. Everything is on the wing.

(See also *Letters II*, p. 28.)

e-

'PICTURES'

Journal, p. 22, Jan. 27, 1915: Met a woman who'd been in the cinema with me—her pink roses in her belt and hollow lovely eyes and battered hair. I shall never forget her. No, no. She was wonderful.

Letters II: 152, Nov. 12, 1921, to Hon. D. B.: It's very late at night and I ate such a stupid man with my tea—I can't digest him. He's bringing out an anthology of short stories and he said the more 'plotty' a story I could give him the better. What about that for a word! It made my hair stand up in prongs. A nice 'plotty' story, please. People *are* funny.

('Pictures' was included in the anthology of *Georgian Stories* for 1922.)

f-

'THE MAN WITHOUT A TEMPERAMENT'

Letters II: 97, Mar. 14, 1921, to Lady O. M.: Even now I can't explain. Something happened, a kind of earthquake that shook everything and I lost faith and touch with everybody. I cannot write what it was. And perhaps I shall never meet you again so that I can tell you. This is sad. Blame me if you must. How can you do otherwise? I expect this all sounds fantastic. I hate people who hint at secrets in letters. You will hate this. Let me say I was almost out of my mind with misery last year—

Journal, p. 139, Jan. 10, 1920: . . . Thought out 'The

Exile.' Appalling night of misery. (Note: Afterwards called 'The Man without a Temperament.')

Jan. 11, 1920: Worked from 9.30 till a quarter after midnight only stopping to eat. Finished the story. Lay awake then until 5.30 too excited to sleep. In the sea drowned souls sang all night. I thought of everything in my life, and it all came back so vividly. . . . These are the worst days of my whole life.

Jan. 12, 1920: Posted the story and a telegram. Very tired. The sea howled and boomed and roared away. When will this cup pass from me? Oh, misery! I cannot sleep. I lie retracing my steps—going over all the old life before. . . .

Journal, Jan. 13, 1920: Postal strike: no letters, no wire. Tearing up and sorting the old letters. The feeling that comes—the anguish—the words that fly out into one's breast: *My darling! My wife!* Oh, what anguish! Oh, will it ever be the same? Lay awake at night listening to the voices. Two men seemed to sing—a tenor and a baritone: then the drowned began.

Journal, p. 144, Feb. 2, 1920: . . . Love will win if only I can stick to it. It will win after all and through all.

Journal, p. 145, Feb. 1920 ('*Anguish*'): . . . She left and went upstairs, but that was fatal. Had she a home? A little cat? Was she any man's wife? Was it all over? . . .

Journal, p. 152, Aug. 9, 1920: I should like to have a secret code to put on record what I feel to-day. If I forget it, may my right hand forget its cunning . . . the lifted curtain . . . the hand at the fire with the ring and stretched

fingers . . . no, it's snowing . . . the telegram to say he's not . . . just the words arrive 8.31. But if I say more I'll give myself away.

(*Later.*) I wrote this because there is a real danger of forgetting that kind of intensity, and it won't do.

Dec. 8, 1920: No, there is no danger of forgetting.

Journal, pp. 163–5, 19–12–1920: I should like this to be accepted as my confession.

There is no limit to human suffering. When one thinks: 'Now I have touched the bottom of the sea—now I can go deeper,' one goes deeper. And so it is for ever. I thought last year in Italy, any shadow more would be death. But this year has been so much more terrible that I think with affection of the Casetta! Suffering is boundless, it is eternity. One pang is eternal torment. Physical suffering is—child's play. To have one's breast crushed by a great stone—one could laugh!

I do not want to die without leaving a record of my belief that suffering can be overcome. For I do believe it. What must one do? There is no question of what is called 'passing beyond it.' This is false.

One must submit. Do not resist. Take it. Be overwhelmed. Accept it fully. Make it part of life.

Everything in life that we really accept undergoes a change. So suffering must become Love. This is the mystery. This is what I must do. I must pass from personal love to greater love. I must give to the whole of life what I gave to one. The present agony will pass—if it doesn't kill. It won't last. Now I am like a man who

has had his heart torn out, but—bear it—bear it! As in the physical world, so in the spiritual world, pain does not last for ever. It is only so terribly acute now. It is as though a ghastly accident had happened. If I can cease reliving all the shock and horror of it, cease going over, I will get stronger. . . . 19–12–1920 Katherine Mansfield.

Journal, pp. 172–3, Dec. 27, 1920: Does it always happen that while you look at the star you feel the other stars are dancing, flickering, changing places, almost playing a game on purpose to bewilder you? It is strange that there are times when I feel the stars are not at all solemn: they are secretly gay. I felt this to-night. I sat down on the cane chair and leaned against the wall. I thought of him contained in the little house against which I leaned—within reach—within call. I remembered there was a time when this thought was a distraction. Oh, it might have been a sweet distraction—but there it was! It took away from my power to work. . . . I, as it were, made him my short story. But that belongs to the Past. . . . One has passed beyond it.

g-

'SUN AND MOON'

Letters I: 127, Feb. 10, 1918, to J. M. M.: . . . I dreamed a short story last night, even down to its name, which was 'Sun and Moon.' It was very light. I dreamed it all—about children. I got up at 6.30 and wrote a note or two because I knew it would fade. I'll send it some time this week. It's so nice. I didn't dream that I read it. No, I was

in it, part of it, and it played round invisible me. But the hero is not more than *five*. In my dream I saw a supper table with the eyes of *five*. It was awfully queer—especially a plate of half-melted ice-cream. . . . But I'll send it to you. . . .

Monday: I wrote and finished the dream story yesterday, and dedicated it to Rib. I knew I would not write it at all if I didn't on the spot, and it kept me 'quiet.' . . .

Letters I: 129, Feb. 17, 1918, to J. M. M.: My serious stories won't ever bring me anything, but my 'child' stories ought to and my light ones, once I find a place. . . .

h-

'AT THE BAY'

Letters I: 261, Oct. 21, 1919, to J. M. M.: . . . I have, as I always have, a sort of sweet scent in the air, a sort of floating mirage of the novel. But I feel one would be torn between tears and laughter all the while: everything would be in rainbows. Already long before the child is born I see the light above its head, a ring of light—so lovely. Would it have cats and flowers in it, and could B. wander there, wearing old Feltie, and Wing wave at him from a high window? There would be pain in it, too, agony. Would there be a description of *the house* after they were in bed—the fire dying in their room—the cat on the stairs —the moon coming through the window and shining on the Shepherdess clock—on to her gay little dreaming figure sitting on the hill with her basket of fruit—and then his dark head on the pillow? Do not be cross with me. I

am only dreaming to myself of what the book might be. . . .

Letters II: 126, Aug. 8, 1921, to the Hon. D. B.: I must stop this letter and get on with my new story. It's called 'At the Bay' and it's (I hope) full of sand and seaweed, bathing dresses hanging over verandas, and sandshoes on window sills, and little pink 'sea' convolvulus, and rather gritty sandwiches and the tide coming in. And it smells (oh I *do* hope it smells) a little bit fishy.

Letters II: 134, Sept. 1921, to the Hon. D. B.: The Cezanne book, Miss, you won't get back until you send a policeman or an urgent request for it. It is fascinating, and you can't think how we enjoy such a book on our mountain tops. It's awfully sympathetic to me. I am absolutely uneducated about painting. I can only look at it as a writer, but it seems to me the real thing. It's what one is aiming at. One of his men gave me quite a shock. He's the spit of a man I've just written about, one Jonathan Trout. To the life. I wish I could cut him out and put him in my book.

I've just finished my new book. Finished last night at 10.30. Laid down the pen after writing 'Thanks be to God.' I wish there was a God. I am longing (1) to praise him, (2) thank him. The title is 'At the Bay.' That's the name of the very long story in it—a continuation of 'Prelude.' It's about 60 pages. I've been at it all night. My precious children have sat in here, playing cards. I've wandered about all sorts of places—in and out. I hope it is good. It is as good as I can do, and all my

heart and soul is in it . . . every single bit. Oh God, I hope it gives pleasure to someone. . . . It is so strange to bring the dead to life again. There's my Grandmother, back in her chair with her pink knitting, there stalks my uncle over the grass; I feel as I write, 'You are not dead, my darlings. All is remembered. I bow down to you. I efface myself so that you may live again through me in your richness and beauty.' And one feels *possessed.* And then the place where it all happens. I have tried to make it as familiar to 'you' as it is to me. You know the marigolds? You know those pools in the rocks, you know the mouse-trap on the wash-house window-sill? And too, one tries to go deep—to speak to the secret self we all have—to acknowledge that. I mustn't say any more about it.

Letters II: 176, Jan. 20, 1922, to Hon. D. B.: I have just heard from de la Mare about my little family in the *Mercury* ('At the Bay') and from America, where another story of the same people is coming out in *The Dial.* I feel like Lottie's and Kezia's mother after the letters I have got this month. It is surprising and very lovely to know how people love little children—the most unexpected people.

Letters II: 179, Jan. 31, 1922, to J. G.: . . . How happy I am that you like 'At the Bay' and that Madame likes my little children and the dog! But it is not your praise that I value most, although I am honoured and proud to have that. It is the fact you are watching my work, which is the most *precious* encouragement.

i-

'THE GARDEN PARTY'

Journal, p. 192, Oct. 13, 1921: (At the end of the manuscript of 'The Garden Party.')

This is a moderately successful story, and that's all. It's somehow, in the episode at the lane, scamped.

Letters II: 143, Oct. 15, 1921, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . Oh, how I saw that awful party! What a nightmare! I have a perfect horror of such affairs.

Journal, p. 196, Oct. 16, 1921: Another radiant day. J. is typing my last story, 'The Garden Party,' which I finished on my birthday (October 14). It took me nearly a month to 'recover' from 'At the Bay.' I made at least three false starts. But I could not get away from the sound of the sea, and Beryl fanning her hair at the window. These things would not die down. But now I'm not at all sure about that story. It seems to me it's a little 'wispy'—not what it might have been. The B. P. is better. But that is not good enough, either. . . .

Letters II: 191, Mar. 3, 1922, to W. G.: . . . And the reason why I used the 'florid' image was that I was writing about a garden party. It seemed natural, then, that the day should close like a flower. People had been looking at flowers all the afternoon, you see. (Note: 'I had written jokingly to K. M. of a criticism [of "The Garden Party"] overheard on that score.' W. G.)

Letters II: 191, Mar. 4, 1922, to Lady O. M.: . . . I cannot pretend praise isn't awfully nice! And especially as I have not heard one word from anyone whom I know per-

sonally since the book appeared ('Garden Party'). Reviews there have been and a few notes from strangers. But that's not at all the same. I didn't expect to hear and yet my 'subconscious mind' has been intensely interested in whether there are any letters or not! I don't think its bad pride that makes me feel like that. It's the 'You feel that too? You know what I was trying to say,' feeling which will be with me while life lasts. . . .

Letters II: 196, Mar. 13, 1922, to W. G.: And yes, that is what I tried to convey in 'The Garden Party.' The diversity of life and how we try to fit in everything, Death included. That is bewildering for a person of Laura's age. She feels things ought to happen differently. First one and then another. But life isn't like that. We haven't the ordering of it. Laura says, ' But all these things must not happen at once.' And Life answers, 'Why not? How are they divided from each other?' And they do all happen; it is inevitable. And it seems to me there is beauty in that inevitability.

I wonder if you happened to see a review of my book in *Time and Tide.* It was written by a very fierce lady indeed. Beating in the face was nothing to it. It frightened me when I read it. I shall never dare to come to England. I am sure she would have my blood like the fish in Cock Robin. But why is she so dreadfully violent? One would think I was a wife beater, at least, or that I wrote all my stories with a carving knife. It is a great mystery.

j-

'THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE COLONEL'

Letters II: 87, Jan. 1, 1921, to R. M.: I have written a huge story of a rather new kind. It's the outcome of the 'Prelude' method—it just unfolds and opens. But I hope it's an advance on 'Prelude.' In fact, I know it's that, because the technique is stronger. It's a queer tale, though. I hope you'll like it. . . .

Letters II: 101–2, May 9, 1921, to J. M. M.: . . . The *London Mercury* came on Saturday with my story. Tell me if anybody says they like it, will you? That's not vanity. Reading it again, I felt it might fall dead flat. It's so plain and unadorned. Tommy (Tomlinson) and de la Mare are the people I'd like to please.

Letters II: 104, May, 1921, to J. M. M.: Read this criticism. It takes the bisquito. But why a half-brick at me? They do hate me, those young men. The *Saturday Review* said my story ('The Daughters of the Late Colonel') was 'a dismal transcript of inefficiency.' What a bother! I suppose that, living alone as I do, I get all out of touch and what seems to me even *lively* is ghostly glee. . . .

Letters II: 120, June 23, 1921, to W. G.: I cannot tell you how happy I am to know that 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel' has given you pleasure. While I was writing that story I lived for it, but when it was finished I confess I hoped very much that my readers would understand what I was trying to express. But very few did. They thought it was 'cruel'; they thought I was 'sneering' at

Jug and Constantia; or they thought it was 'drab.' And in the last paragraph I was 'poking fun at the poor old things.'

It's almost terrifying to be misunderstood. There was a moment when I first had 'the idea' when I saw the two sisters as *amusing;* but the moment I looked deeper (let me be quite frank) I bowed down to the beauty that was hidden in their lives and to discover that was all my desire. . . . All was meant, of course, to lead up to that last paragraph, when my two flowerless ones turned with that timid gesture, to the sun. 'Perhaps *now* . . .' And after that, it seemed to me, they died as surely as Father was dead.

Letters II: 150–1, Nov. 11, 1921, to the Hon. D. B.: I wish people would not write that kind of article for another five years at least. Though I was very glad the man liked my 'Daughters of the Late Colonel.' For I put my all into that story and hardly anyone saw what I was getting at. Even dear old Hardy told me to write more about those sisters. As if there was any more to say! But, speaking dead seriously, I could do with a great deal less praise than I get. It's . . . frightening, and I feel with all my heart I want to have another two years' work done at least before I am worth *talking about.* However, I am certain my new book will be a failure. There will be reactions against it. I count on that, so I mean to make the *next* one really as good as I can. . . .

Letters II: 184–5, Feb. 8, 1922, to W. G.: . . . Please do not praise me too much. It is awfully nice to be praised,

but at the same time it makes me hang my head. I have done so little. I should have done so much more. There are these rows of stories, all waiting. All the same, I can't deny that praise is like a most lovely present, a bright bouquet coming to me (but gently! I hope) out of the air.

Don't imagine for one moment, though, that I think myself wonderful! That is far, far from the truth. I take writing too seriously to be able to flatter myself. I've only begun. The only story that satisfies me to any extent is the one you understand so well, 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel' and parts of 'Je ne Parle pas.' But, Heavens, what a journey there is before one!

Letters II: 191, Mar. 4, 1922, to Lady O. M.: It's a joy to know that 'The Garden Party' has given you pleasure, and especially that you like my poor old girls, the 'Daughters.' I shall never forget lying on that wretched little sofa in Mentone writing that story. I couldn't stop. I wrote it all day and on my way back to bed sat down on the stairs and began scribbling the bit about the meringues.

Journal: p. 209, Jan. 4, 1922: . . . I have read a good deal of 'Cosmic Anatomy' and understood it far better. Yes, such a book does fascinate me. Why does J. hate it so?

To get a glimpse of the relation of things—to follow that relation and find it remains true through the ages enlarges my little mind as nothing else does. It's only a greater view of psychology. It helps me with my writing, for instance, to know that hot + bun may mean Taurus, Pradhana, substance. No, that's not really what attracts me;

it's that reactions to certain causes and effects always have been the same. It wasn't for nothing Constantia (one of 'The Daughters') chose the moon and water, for instance!

Journal, p. 218, Jan. 17: Tchehov made a mistake in thinking that if he had had more time he would have written more fully, described the rain, and the midwife and the doctor having tea. The truth is one can get only *so much* into a story; there is always a sacrifice. One has to leave out what one knows and longs to use. Why? I haven't any idea, but there it is. It's always a kind of race to get in as much as one can before it *disappears.*

But time is not really in it. Yet wait. I do not understand even now. I am pursued by time myself. The only occasion when I ever felt at leisure was while writing 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel.' And at the end I was so terribly unhappy that I wrote as fast as possible for fear of dying before the story was sent. I should like to prove this, to work at *real leisure.* Only thus can it be done.

Journal, p. 226, Feb. 1, 1922: . . . To do anything, to be anything, one must gather oneself together and 'one's faith make stronger.' Nothing of any worth can come from a disunited being. It's only by accident that I write anything worth a rush, and then it's only skimming the top—no more. But remember 'The Daughters' was written at Mentone in November when I was not so bad as usual. I was trying with all my soul to be good. Here I try and fail, and the fact of consciousness makes each separate failure very important—each a *sin.* . . .

k-

'MR. AND MRS. DOVE'

Journal, p. 184, July 1921: I finished 'Mr. and Mrs. Dove' yesterday. I am not altogether pleased with it. It's a little bit made up. It's not inevitable. I mean to imply that those two may not be happy together—that that is the kind of reason for which a young girl marries. But have I done so? I don't think so. Besides, it's not *strong* enough. I want to be nearer—far, far nearer than that. I want to use all my force even when I am taking a fine line. And I have a sneaking notion that I have, at the end, used the Doves *unwarrantably*. Tu sais ce que je veux dire. I used them to round off something—didn't I? Is that quite my game? No, it's not. It's not quite the kind of truth I'm after. Now for 'Susanah.' All must be *deeply felt*.

l-

'THE YOUNG GIRL'

Letters II: 52, Oct. 1920, to J. M. M.: I send the story ('The Young Girl'). As usual I am in a foolish panic about it. But I know I can trust you. You know how I *choose* my words; they can't be changed. And if you don't like it or think it is wrong just *as it is* I'd rather you didn't print it. I'll try to do another.

Will you tell me—if you've time—what you think of it? Again (as usual) I burn to know, and you see there is NO ONE here.

It was one of my queer hallucinations; I wrote it straight off. And I've no copy.

I hope you like my little boy. His name is HENNIE.

Letters II: 84, Dec. 1920, to J. M. M.: . . . I realize it ('Poison') is quite different to 'Miss Brill' or 'The Young Girl.' (She's not 'little'; in fact I saw her big, slender, like a colt.)

m-

'THE VOYAGE'

Letters II: 186, Feb. 26, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: Talking about feeling. I had a shock yesterday. I thought my new book would enrage people because it had too much feeling —and there comes a long review talking of the 'merciless analysis of the man of science.' It's a mystery. If you do see my book read a story called 'The Voyage'—will you? Keep it if you like it. . . .

Letters II: 196, March 13, 1922, to W. G.. . . . I've been wanting to say—how strange, how delightful it is you should feel as you do about 'The Voyage.' No one has mentioned it to me but Middleton Murry. But when I wrote that little story I felt that I was on that very boat, going down those stairs, smelling the smell of the saloon. And when the stewardess came in and said, 'We're rather empty, we may pitch a little,' I can't believe that my sofa did not pitch. And one moment I had a little bun of silk-white hair and a bonnet and the next I was Fenella hugging the swan-neck umbrella. It was so vivid—terribly vivid—especially as they drove away and heard the sea as slowly it turned on the beach. Why—I don't know. It wasn't a memory of a real experience. It was a kind of possession. I might have remained the grandma for ever after if the wind had changed that moment. And that

would have been a little bit embarrassing for Middleton Murry. . . . But don't you feel that when you write? I think one always feels it, only sometimes it is a great deal more definite.

n-

'MISS BRILL'

Letters II: 76, Nov. 1920, to J. M. M.: . . . The number of letters I've had about 'Miss Brill'! I think I am very fortunate to have people like my stories—don't you? But I must say it does surprise me. *This* one ('Lady's Maid') I'd like you and De la Mare to like—other people don't matter. . . .

Letters II: 88–9, Jan. 17, 1921, to R. M.: . . . It's a very queer thing how *craft* comes into writing. I mean down to details. *Par exemple.* In 'Miss Brill' I choose not only the length of every sentence. I choose the rise and fall of every paragraph to fit her, and to fit her on that day at that very moment. After I'd written it I read it aloud—numbers of times—just as one would *play over* a musical composition, trying to get it nearer and nearer to the expression of 'Miss Brill'—until it fitted her.

Don't think I'm vain about the little sketch. It's only the method I wanted to explain. I often wonder whether other writers do the same. If a thing has really come off it seems to me there mustn't be one single word out of place, or one word that could be taken out. That's how I AIM at writing. It will take some time to get anywhere near there.

Letters II: 196, Mar. 13, 1922, to W. G.: . . . Yes, I agree with you the insulting references to 'Miss Brill' would have been better in French. Also there is a printer's error, 'chère' for 'chérie.' 'Ma petite chère' sounds ridiculous. . . .

o-

'THE STRANGER'

Letters II: 72–3, Nov. 3, 1920, to J. M. M.: Here it is under my hand—finished—another story about as long as 'The Man without a Temperament'—perhaps longer. It's called 'The Stranger,' a New Zealand story. My depression has gone; so it was just this. And now it's here, thank God, and the fire burns and it's warm and tho' the wind is howling—it can howl. What a QUEER business writing is! I don't know. I don't believe other people are ever as foolishly excited as I am while I'm working. How could they be? Writers would have to live in trees. I've *been* this man, been this woman. I've stood for hours on the Auckland Wharf. I've *been* out in the stream waiting to be berthed—I've been a seagull hovering at the stern and a hotel porter whistling through his teeth. It isn't as though one sits and watches the spectacle. That would be thrilling enough, God knows. But one is the spectacle for the time. If one remained oneself all the time like some writers can it would be a bit less exhausting. It's a lightning change affair, tho'.

Letters II: 81, Nov. 1920, to J. M. M.: About the punctuation in 'The Stranger.' No, my dash isn't quite a feminine dash. (Certainly when I was young it was.) But

it was intentional in that story. I was trying to do away with the three dots. They have been so abused by female and male writers that I fight shy of them—*much* tho' I need them. The truth is—punctuation is infernally difficult. If I had time I'd like to write an open letter to the *A(thenæum)* on the subject. Its boundaries need to be enlarged. But I won't go into it now. I'll try, however, to remember commas. It's a fascinating subject, *ça*, one that I'd like to talk over with you. If only there was time I'd write all one wants to write. There seems less and less time. And more and more books arrive. That's not a complaint. But it is rather cursed that we should have to worry about —— when we might be writing our own books, isn't it?

p-

'AN IDEAL FAMILY'

Journal, p. 184–5, July 23, 1921: Finished 'An Ideal Family' yesterday. It seems to me better than 'The Doves,' but still it's not good enough. I worked at it hard enough, God knows, and yet I didn't get the deepest truth out of the idea, even once. What *is* this feeling? I feel again that this kind of knowledge is too easy for me; it's even a kind of trickery. I know so much more. This looks and smells like a story, but I wouldn't buy it. I don't want to possess it—to live with it. No. Once I have written two more, I shall tackle something different —a long story: 'At the Bay,' with more difficult relationships. That's the whole problem.

q-

'A CUP OF TEA'

Letters II: 250, Oct. 6, 1922, to J. M. M.: . . . By the way, I wonder why things that happen in the rain seem always more wonderful? Do you feel that? There's such freshness about them, something so unexpected and vivid. I could go on thinking of that for hours. . . .

r-

'TAKING THE VEIL'

Journal, p. 225, Jan. 24: Wrote and finished 'Taking the Veil.' It took me about 3 hours to write finally. But I had been thinking over the *décor* and so on for weeks—nay, months, I believe. I can't say how thankful I am to have been born in N.Z., to know Wellington as I do, and to have it to range about in. Writing about the convent seemed so natural. I suppose I have not been in the grounds more than twice. But it is one of the places that remains as vivid as ever. . . .

Letters II: 178, Jan. 26, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: I'm deadly tired to-night! I wrote and finished a story yesterday for *The Sketch*. The day after that happens is always a day when one feels like a leaf on the ground—one can't even flutter. At the same time there is a feeling of joy that another story is finished. I put it in such a lovely place, too. The grounds of a convent in Spring, with pigeons flying up in the blue and big bees climbing in and out of the freezias below. If I lived in the snow long I should become very opulent. Pineapples would grow on every

page, and giant bouquets would be presented to each character on his appearance. . . .

S-

'THE FLY'

Journal, p. 101, Dec. 31, 1918: Oh, the times when she had walked upside down on the ceiling, run up glittering panes, floated on a lake of light, flashed through a shining beam!

And God looked upon the fly fallen into the jug of milk and saw that it was good. And the smallest Cherubim and Seraphim of all, who delight in misfortune, struck their silver harps and shrilled: 'How is the fly fallen, fallen!'

Letters II: 190, Feb. 26, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . I have just finished a queer story called 'The Fly.' About a fly that falls into an inkpot and a Bank Manager. I think it will come out in *The Nation.* The trouble with writing is that one seethes with stories. One ought to write one a day at least, but it is so tiring. *When* I am well I shall still live always far away in distant spots where I can work and look undisturbed. No more literary society for me *ever.* As for London, the idea is too awful. I shall sneak up to Pond Street every now and again—very rarely indeed, and I'll beg you not to let a soul know. It's no joke, my dear, to get letters like I do from people who want to meet one. It's frightening!

Letters II: 218–19, June 14, 1922, to W. G.: . . . I am sorry you did not like 'The Fly' and glad you told me. I *hated* writing it. Yes, I remember the story about the

little boy and the buzzing insects. His father comes home from the town and finds him sitting up to the table cutting Kings and Queens out of a pack of playing cards. I can always see him.

Letters II: 261, Oct. 21, 1922, to J. M. M.: I have been through a little revolution since my last letter. I suddenly made up my mind (for it was sudden, at the last) to try and learn to live by what I believed in, no less, and not as in all my life up till now to live one way and think another. . . . I don't mean superficially, of course, but in the deepest sense I've always been disunited. And this, which has been my 'secret sorrow' for years, has become everything to me just now. I really can't go on pretending to be one person and being another any more, Boge. It is a living death. So I have decided to make a clean sweep of all that was 'superficial' in my past life and start again to see if I can get into that real simple truthful *full* life I dream of. I have been through a horrible deadly time coming to this. You know the kind of time. It doesn't show much, outwardly, but one is simply chaos within!

. . . No treatment on earth is any good to me, really. It's all pretence. M. did make me heavier and a little stronger. But that was all if I really face the facts. The miracle never came near happening. It couldn't, Boge. And as for my spirit—well, as a result of that life at the Victoria Palace I stopped being a writer. I have only written long or short scraps since 'The Fly.' If I had gone on with my old life I never would have written again, for I was dying of poverty of life.

I wish when one writes about things, one didn't dramatize them so. I feel awfully happy about all this, and it's all as simple as can be. . . . In any case I shan't write any stories for three months, and I'll not have a book ready before the spring. It doesn't matter.

(See 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel').

t-

'THE CANARY'

Letters II: 190, Feb. 26, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . I think my story for you will be called 'Canaries.' The large cage opposite has fascinated me completely. I think and think about them—their feelings, their *dreams*, the life they led before they were caught, the difference between the two little pale fluffy ones who were born in captivity and their grandfather and grandmother who knew the South American forests and have seen the immense perfumed sea. . . . Words cannot express the beauty of that high shrill little song rising out of the very stones. . . . It seems one cannot escape Beauty. . . . It is everywhere.

Journal, p. *242, at Sierre, July 1922:* I should like to write the canary story to-morrow. So many ideas come and go. If there is time I shall write them all. If this uninterrupted time continues. The story about this hotel would be wonderful if I could do it.

Letters II: 225, July 9, 1922, to Sir H. B.: . . . I have just finished a story with a canary for the hero, and almost feel I have lived in a cage and pecked a piece of chickweed myself. What a bother!

u-

'THE DOVES' NEST'

Journal, 207, Jan. 1, 1922: . . . Wrote 'The Doves' Nest' this afternoon. I was in no mood to write it; it seemed impossible. Yet when I had finished three pages, they were all right. This is a proof (never to be too often proved) that once one has thought out a story nothing remains but the labour.

Letters: 218, June 14, 1922, to W. G.: . . . I am in the middle of a very long story written in the same style—horrible expression!—as 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel.' I enjoyed writing it so much that even after I am asleep, I go on. The scene is the South of France in early spring. There is a real love story in it, too, and rain, buds, frogs, a thunderstorm, pink-spotted Chinese dragons. There is no happiness greater than this leading a double life. But it's mysterious, too. How is it possible to be here in this remote, deserted hotel and at the same time to be leaning out of the window of the Villa Martin listening to the rain thrumming so gently on the leaves and smelling the night-scented stocks with Milly? (I should be awfully disappointed if you don't like Milly.)

Letters II: 220, June 22, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . Oh, my story won't go fast enough. It's got stuck. I must have it finished and done within 10 days' time. Never shall I commit myself again to a stated time. It's hellish.

Letters II: 231, July 28, 1922, to Sir. H. B.: The days seem to whisk away here so fast that I don't think the farmer's wife would be in time to chop off their tails. I

spend a large part of them tapping out my new long story or short novel on my little Corona.

Letters II: 233, Aug. 1922, to J. M. M.: . . . Once 'The Doves' Nest' is finished I shall leave here. But it will take a fortnight, not a week.

v-

'THE WEAK HEART'

Journal, p. 197, Nov. 21, 1921: . . . To-day I began to write, seriously, 'The Weak Heart,'—a story which fascinates me *deeply*. What I feel it needs so peculiarly is a very subtle variation of 'tense' from the present to the past and back again—and softness, lightness, and the feeling that all is in bud, with a play of humour over the character of Ronnie. And the feeling of the Thorndon Baths, the wet, moist, oozy . . . no, I know how it must be done.

May I be found worthy to do it! Lord, make me crystal clear for thy light to shine through!

Journal, p. 154, Sept. 1920: The daughter of the watch-smith. Her piano-playing. Her weak heart, queer face, queer voice, *awful clothes*. The violets in their garden. Her little mother and father. The scene at the Baths: the coldness, the blueness of the children, her size in the red twill bathing-dress, trimmed with white braid. The steps down to the water, the rope across.

Edie has a brother Siegfried. 17. You never know whether he has begun to shave or not. He and Edie walk in arm in arm. . . . Her Sunday hat is *trimmed beyond words*.

Oh, that tree at the corner of May Street! I forgot it

until this moment. It was dark and hung over the street like a great shadow. The father was fair and youthful to look at. He was a clock-maker.

W-

'EPILOGUE'

Letters I: 2–3, Summer 1913, to J. M. M.: I've nursed the Epilogue to no purpose. Every time I pick it up and hear 'You'll keep it to six,' I *can't* cut it. To my knowledge there aren't any superfluous words: I mean every line of it. I don't 'just ramble on,' you know, but this thing happened to just fit six and a half pages. You can't cut it without making an ugly mess somewhere. I'm a powerful stickler for form in this style of work. I hate the sort of licence that English people give themselves . . . to spread over and flop and roll about. I feel as fastidious as though I wrote with acid. All of which will seem, I suppose, unconvincing and exaggeration. I can only express my sincerest distress (which I do truly feel) and send you the Epilogue back. If you and Wilfrid feel more qualified for the job. . . . Oh, do by all means.—But I'd rather it wasn't there at all than sitting in *The Blue Review* with a broken nose and one ear as though it had jumped into an editorial dog-fight. It's a queer day, with flickers of sun. The Epilogue has worried me no end: and I can still hear, tossing about, the aftermath of that thunder. 'It's not fair. Swinnerton can do it . . . you've got to cut it.' . . . etc., etc. Can't you cut a slice off the D. Brown? I really am more interesting than he is—modest though I be. . . .

x-

'CARNATION'

Letters I: 182–3, May 29, 1918, to J. M. M.: Don't bother to type 'Carnation.' Let it be. You've enough to do. I am, of course, in heaven that you liked it, cos I did too. And you 'understood.' I meant it to be 'delicate'—just that.

y-

'POISON'

Letters II: 81–2, *Nov. 1920, to J. M. M.:* . . . And about 'Poison' I could write about that for pages. But I'll try and condense what I've got to say. The story is told by (evidently) a worldly, rather cynical (not wholly cynical) man *against* himself (but not altogether) when he was so absurdly young. You know how young by his idea of what woman is. She has been up to now, only the *vision*, only she who passes. You realize that? And here he has put all his passion into this Beatrice. It's *promiscuous* love, not understood as such by him; perfectly understood as such by her. But you realise the *vie de luxe* they are living —the very table—sweets, liqueurs, lilies, pearls. And you realise? she expects a letter from someone calling her away? *Fully* expects it? That accounts for her farewell AND her declaration. And when it doesn't come even her *commonness* peeps out—the newspaper touch of such a woman. She can't disguise her chagrin. She gives herself away. . . . He, of course, laughs at it now, and laughs at her. Take what he says about her 'sense of order' and the crocodile. But he also regrets the self who, dead privately,

would have been young enough to have actually wanted to *marry* such a woman. But I meant it to be light—tossed off—and yet through it—oh, subtly—the lament for youthful belief. These are the rapid confessions one receives sometimes from a glove or a cigarette or a hat.

Letters II: 84, Dec. 1920, to J. M. M.: . . . I suppose I haven't brought it off in 'Poison.' It wanted a light, light hand, and then with that newspaper a sudden . . . let me see, *lowering of* it all—just what happens in promiscuous love after passion. A glimpse of staleness. And the story is told by the man who gives himself away and hides his traces at the same moment.

B—POEMS

z-

VILLA PAULINE

Journal, p. 42, July 22, 1916 (for her brother): . . . Then I want to write poetry. The almond tree, the birds, the little wood where you are, the flowers you do not see, the open window out of which I lean and dream that you are against my shoulder, and the times that your photograph 'looks sad.' But especially I want to write a kind of long elegy to you . . . perhaps not in poetry. Nor perhaps in prose. Almost certainly in a kind of *special prose.*

Letters I: 187, June, 1918, to Mrs. V. W.: . . . Last night, after I came in, I wrote 4 of those 'Poems' for our book. I rediscovered the form and the style, I think. They are not in verse, nor in *vers libre.* I can't do these things. They are in prose. (1) To a Butterfly, (2) Foils, (3) Le

Regard, (4) Paddlers. You would like them. They are very light. Like Heron feathers, so to say.

aa-

'NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK'

Letters I: 78–9, Aug. 15, 1917, to Lady O. M.: Your glimpse of the garden, all flying green and gold, made me wonder again *who* is going to write about that flower garden. It might be so wonderful, do you know *how* I mean? There would be people walking in the garden—several *pairs* of people—their conversation—their slow pacing—their glances as they pass one another—the pauses as the flowers 'come in' as it were—as a bright dazzle, and exquisite haunting scent, a shape so formal and fine, so much a 'flower of the mind' that he who looks at it really is tempted for one bewildering moment to stoop and touch and make sure. The 'pairs' of people must be very different, and there must be a slight touch of enchantment—some of them seeming so extraordinarily 'odd' and separate from the flowers, but others quite related and at ease. A kind of, musically speaking, conversation *set* to flowers. Do you like the idea? I see the Pig of the Party—rooting in her little dark mind. And I see B——, who hasn't the remotest idea of getting them into harmony. Perhaps that's not fair. But it's full of possibilities. I must have a fling at it as soon as I have time.

bb-

'FIRELIGHT'

Journal, pp. 134–5, Dec. 1919: 'Any children?' he said, taking his stethoscope as I struggled with my nightgown.

'No, no children.'

But what would he have said if I'd told him that until a few days ago I had had a little child, aged five and three quarters, of indeterminate sex? Some days it was a boy. For two years now it has very often been a little girl. . . .

Letters I: 234, June 28, 1919, to Lady O. M.: . . . Nowadays one of the chief reasons for one's dissatisfaction with modern poetry is one can't be sure that it really does belong to the man who writes it. It *is* so tiring, isn't it, never to leave the Masked Ball—never—never.

Letters I: 309, Dec. 3, 1919, to J. M. M.: Last night under the inspiration of a fever attack I wrote these verses. Keep them for me, will you? I feel a longing to write poetry. Don't forget you were going to send me Hardy: I feel passionately eager to read his poems. Did we mention the review in *The Times?* It was superficial, 'silly,' and the snail under the nasturtium leaf again. That don't fit Hardy. Talking of snails, *The Nation* and *The Guardian* came to-day. Did you see the one in the eye Wayfarer gave me? He *had* his quarrel, I own, but he was unfair all the same.

C—TRANSLATIONS

cc-

TRANSLATIONS

Letters I: 218, Nov. 13, 1918, to Lady O. M.: I have been translating Maxim Gorki's 'Journal of the Revolution' all last week. I find Gorki wonderfully sympathetic. This journal is dreadful. It makes you feel *anything*, *anything* rather than revolutions.

Letters I: 229, May 1919, to Mrs. V. W.: Tchehov has a very interesting letter published in next week's *A(thenæum)*. . . . What the writer does is not so much to *solve* the question but to *put* the question. There must be the question put. That seems to me a very nice dividing line between the true and false writer.

Journal, p. 138, Jan. 5, 1920: Worked on Tchehov all day, and then at my story till 11 p.m.

D—ESSAYS

dd-

'JAVA HEAD'

Letters I: 232, June 1919, to Lady O. M.: I have been working all the morning, trying to discover why 'Java Head' is not a good novel and trying to say it is not a bad one. But one always seems to arrive at the same conclusion—nothing goes deep enough—the risk has not been taken. Whenever the crisis is reached they decide to wait until the sea is calmer. How tired one becomes of all these surfaces. Why do not more people live through and through? Must one spend one's life paying calls on the

emotions? Why isn't the dreary fashion obsolete? And if it is not this superficial nothingness, it is M. au grand serieux throwing himself bodily into the milk-jug after the drowning fly!

ee-

ESSAYS

Letters I: 253, Oct. 15, 1919, to J. M. M.: I am in the middle of a review of Brett-Young which I will post to the office to-morrow unregistered. . . . I am very glad that K. M. is liked a bit. She wishes she was more worthy. That's *sincere* from my soul. But whenever I'm praised I always want to fall on my knees and ask God to make me a better girl. It just takes me that way.

Letters I: 255, Oct. 16, 1919, to J. M. M.: . . . I hope my review is all right. I feel far away when I am writing—as though I am being confusing, you can't *hear me.* It makes me anxious.

Letters I: 257, Oct. 18, 1919, to J. M. M.: Please always tell me at once of the faults in my reviews. Haul me over the hottest coals. It is only kind. I expect you to do this. If anything is all right—let it be; but otherwise, do please beat me. Elizabeth Stanley is sending two poems on Monday; she wants to hold them over till then. One longs to write poems here.

That Samuel Butler! We knew it, didn't we? The ironing-board and sewing-machine—they are in all his books—he gave them to himself as well—was an expert in the use of both really. What a surface he puts on things!

What little crisp frills! How neatly turned! *How beautifully, enfin,* he 'got up' other people's washing. As to the sewing-machine, the 2nd half of 'The Way of All Flesh' is all machine-sewn. I wish I could see the woman's letters; I'd dearly love to.

ff-

ESSAYS

Letters I: 261, Oct. 21, 1919, to J. M. M.: . . . I finished 'Stella Benson' last night. I thought I might do her with 'Hope Mirrlees'—two women, both protesting in the preface that their books are out of the ordinary. But no bridge could be thrown from one to the other. Miss Mirrlees lives in another world, and her world would shudder at Stella Benson. I don't. On the contrary. They are two interesting problems, *very* intriguing. I hope I manage to say what I want to say. . . .

Letters I: 271, Oct. 30, 1919, to J. M. M.: I sent a review yesterday. Before I forget, will you change the last sentence of all? Substitute another word for the word 'great.' I can't remember just how it went, but I woke up in the night with the Lord crying 'Samuel!' . . .

Letters I: 276, Nov. 6, 1919: . . . I wish I were a great deal more self-supporting. It's a thousand times harder for me to write reviews here where I have no one to talk things over with. I'm 'out of it' and see so few papers and never hear talk. I have to get into full diver's clothes and rake the floor of the unprofitable sea. All the same *it is my life: it saves me.*

Letters I: 277–8, Nov. 9, 1919, to J. M. M.: The papers have come; I've been reading them. Then I've read the ——. The *disgraceful* dishonesty of it! The review of Dostoevsky and one of ——! My God! what has happened to this age? It cannot have been like this before. Look here! we must be bold and beat these people. We must be dead straight in our reviews. If they don't care for what we say, it doesn't matter, but let us come bang out into the open while we have the chance and say it. I confess the world seems to me really too hideous. I felt after I had read the —— that it was all like Mrs. F.'s party (you remember, when we ran away). My blood is up. Let's up and at 'em this winter. Send me as many books as you like. I'll do them. I have got my second wind from all this.

Blow me and my depression. What does my personal life matter! Let it go. It's hateful. But *we* matter: we have a chance to stand for something. Let's stand for it. Of course, I now see plainly that we shall never be successful writers—impossible. But let's be honest in the paper and give it them strong. There must be young people who see through this crabbed malice.

At the same time, I hate and loathe it all—these sets and dishonesties, don't you? I mean it is the stern daughter of the voice of God that makes one fight, not a joyful impulse. If it were not so tragic, it would be—no, it wouldn't.

Letters I: 281, Nov. 11, 1919, to J. M. M.: . . . Fancy calling my work 'critical essays'! I saw you wink at Wing, and Wing, overcome, turning a catherine wheel (with a K).

gg-

ESSAYS

Letters I: 287–8, Nov. 16, 1919, to J. M. M.: . . . The more I read the more I feel all these novels will not do. After them I'm a swollen sheep looking up who is not fed. And yet I feel one can lay down no rules. It's not in the least a question of material or style or plot. I can only think in terms like 'a change of heart.' I can't imagine how after the war these men can pick up the old threads as though it had never been. Speaking to *you* I'd say we have died and lived again. How can that be the same life? It doesn't mean that life is the less precious or that 'the common things of light and day' are gone. They are not gone, they are intensified, they are illumined. Now we know ourselves for what we are. In a way it's a tragic knowledge: it's as though, even while we live again, we face death. But *through Life:* that's the point. We see death in life as we see death in a flower that is fresh unfolded. Our hymn to flowers is beauty: we would make that beauty immortal because we *know*, Do you feel like this—or otherwise—or how?

But, of course, you don't imagine I mean by this knowledge let-us eat-and drink-ism. No, I mean 'deserts of vast eternity.' But the difference is (perhaps I'm wrong) I couldn't tell anything *bang out* about those deserts: they are my secret. I might write about a boy eating strawberries or a woman combing her hair on a windy morning, and that is the only way I can ever mention them. But they *must* be there. Nothing less will do. . .

hh-

ESSAYS

Letters II: 47, Sept. 25, 1920, to J. M. M.: . . . It is an awful temptation, in face of all these novels to cry 'woe—woe'! I cannot conceive how writers who have lived through our times can *drop* these last ten years and revert to why Edward didn't understand Vi's reluctance to be seduced, or why a dinner of twelve courses needs remodelling. If I did not review novels I'd never read them. The writers (practically all of them) seem to have no idea of what one means by continuity. It is a difficult thing to explain. Take the old Tartar waiter in Anna who serves Levin and Stepan. Now, Tolstoy only has to touch him and he gives out a note and this note is somehow important, persists, is a part of the whole book. But all these other men—they introduce their cooks, aunts, strange gentlemen, and so on, and once the pen is off them they are *gone*—dropped down a hole. Can one explain this by what you might call—a *covering* atmosphere? Isn't that a bit too vague? What it *boils down* to is . . . 'either the man can make his people live and keep 'em alive or he can't.'

Letters II: 76, Nov. 1920, to J. M. M.: . . . It's hell to know one could do so much and be bound to journalism for bread. If I was a proper journalist I'd give the day to reviewing and so on—but no! Reviewing is on my chest —And a sense of GUILT the whole week! However, it can't be helped. I'll win out, and then I don't want to read another novel for—

But isn't it grim to be reviewing Benson when one might

be writing one's own stories which one will never have time to write, on the best showing!

ii—

'A GIFT OF THE DUSK'

Letters II: 84, Oct. 1, 1920, to J. M. M.: Suppose you didn't glance at a novel by a man called Prowse, 'A Gift of the Dusk.' A simply terrible book—awful—ghastly! and about as good as it could be. It's just a kind of . . . journal the man kept while at a sanatorium in Switzerland. It is the goods if you like! But he must be a wonderful man. I wish I knew if he is dead. Will you PLEASE ask Beresford if you see him (Collins is the publisher)? I wish very much I could hear of him. One's heart goes out to anyone who has faced an experience as he has done. 'One must tell everything—everything.' That is more and more real to me each day. It is, after all, the only treasure, the only heirloom we have to leave—our own little grain of truth.

Letters II: 73, Nov. 4, 1920, to S. S.: Yes, there are weak spots in 'A Gift from the Dusk' but compared to the unworthy, stupefying, *untruthful* rubbish of to-day it did not do, I felt, to comment on them. The worst of it is, nowadays, that the majority of novels is so bad one becomes almost fearful of the strength of one's feeling for a 'good' one. There were touches in that book that moved me tremendously. I felt that in the intimacy between Stephen and Mary—Prowse was, many times, speaking a language which I long in vain to hear spoken. The intimacy of two

beings who are *essential* to each other—who is going to write that? And yet Love that is less than that—one wearies of hearing of it.

I wish there were six or seven writers who wrote for themselves and let the world go hang. But where are they?

E — KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S GENERAL CRITICISM OF HER OWN METHODS, AIMS AND APPROACH

Letters I: 28, May 17, 1915, to S. S. K.: . . . Do you, too, feel an infinite delight and value in *detail*—not for the sake of detail but for the life in the life of it? I never can express myself (and you can laugh as much as you please). But do you ever feel as though the Lord threw you into eternity—into the very exact centre of eternity, and even as you plunged you felt every ripple floating out from your plunging—every single ripple floating away and touching and drawing into its circle every slightest thing that it touched?

Journal, p. 41, Jan. 22, 1916: Now, really, what is it that I do want to write? I ask myself, Am I less of a writer than I used to be? Is the need to write less urgent? Does it still seem as natural to me to seek that form of expression? Has speech fulfilled it? Do I ask anything more than to relate, to remember, to assure myself?

There are times when these thoughts half-frighten me and very nearly convince. I say: You are now so fulfilled in your own being, in being alive, in living, in aspiring towards a greater sense of life and a deeper loving, the other thing has gone out of you.

But no, at bottom I am not convinced, for at bottom never has my desire been so ardent. Only the form that I would choose has changed utterly. I feel no longer concerned with the same appearance of things. The people who lived or whom I wished to bring into my stories leave me perfectly cold. Granted that these people exist and all the differences, complexities and resolutions are true to them—why should I write about them? They are not near me. All the false threads that bound me to them are cut away quite.

Now—now I want to write recollections of my own country. Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is 'a sacred debt' that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thoughts I range with him over all the remembered places. I am never far away from them. I long to renew them in writing.

Ah, the people—the people we loved there—of them, too, I want to write. Another 'debt of love.' Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World. It must be mysterious, as though floating. It must take the breath. It must be 'one of those islands. . . .' I shall tell everything, even of how the laundry-basket squeaked at 75. But all must be told with a sense of mystery, a radiance, an afterglow, because you, my little sun of it, are set. You have dropped over the dazzling brim of the world. Now I must play my part.

Journal, pp. 91–2, July 1918: I pose myself, yet once more, *my* Eternal Question. What is it that makes the moment

of delivery so difficult for me? If I were to sit down—now—and just to write out, plain, some of the stories—all written, all ready, in my mind 'twould take me days. There are so many of them. I sit and *think* them out, and if I overcome my lassitude and *do* take the pen they ought (they are so word perfect) to write themselves. But it's the activity. I haven't a place to write in or on—the chair isn't comfortable—yet even as I complain *this* seems the place and *this* the chair. And don't I want to write them? Lord! Lord! it's my only desire—my one *happy issue*. And only yesterday I was thinking—even my present state of health is a great gain. It makes things so rich, so important, so longed for . . . changes one's focus.

Journal, p. 99, Oct. 1918: I ought to write something brief for *The Nation* to-day and earn a bit more money, a 'Little Lunch at the Club' or something of that kind. It's not difficult; in fact it is too easy for me because if I do err more on one side than t'other, I'm overfluent.

Letters I: 236, July 1919, to Lady O. M.: . . . I feel so much *more* sensitive to everything than I used to be—to people good or bad, to ugliness or beautiful things. Nowadays when I catch a glimpse of beauty, I weep—yes, really weep. It is too much to be borne—and if I feel wickedness—it hurts so unbearably that I get really ill. It is dreadful to be so exposed—but what can one do?

Letters I: 236, *July* 1919, *to Lady O. M.:* . . . How well I know that wraith-like, disembodied feeling; it has been mine all last, this week. One lay in bed and felt like a shell and wept, and weeping made one cough and summer was

over. I asked my doctor the very question, 'What would one do if one had to cope with life?' and he replied, 'Why, you'd be in an institution and paid for by the state.' So there is one horror spared.

Letters I: 238, *July* 18, 1919, *to the Hon. DiBi:* . . . Oh Life—mysterious Life—what art thou? Forster says: A game. I feel suddenly as though from all the books there came a clamour of voices—the books are speaking—especially the poets. How beautiful willows are—how beautiful—how the sun rains down upon them—the tiny leaves move like fishes. Oh Sun, shine for ever! I feel a little bit drunk—rather like an insect that has fallen into the cup of a mangolia.

Letters I: 241–2, *Aug.* 17, 1919, *to Lady O. M.:* . . . Life is so strange, so full of extraordinary things. . . . To-day this afternoon, waiting for my Father to come to tea, I felt I could have made—but only of that waiting—a whole book. I began thinking of all the time one has 'waited' for so many and strange people and things—the special quality it has—the *agony* of it and the strange sense that there is a second you who is outside yourself and does nothing—nothing but just listen—the other complicated you goes on—and then there is this keen, unsleeping creature—waiting to leap. It is like a dark beast and he who comes is its prey—

Letters I: 254, Oct. 15, 1919, to J. M. M.: . . . I wish I was more of a stoic about under-linen, perfumes, little boxes for a toilet table, delicate ribbons and silk stockings. But the older I grow, the more exquisite I want to be, *fine*

down to every minutest particular, as a writer, as a talker, in my home, in my life, and in all my ways—to carry it all through. Even now sometimes, when I write to you, a word shakes into the letter that I don't mean to be there, an old windfall, you know, from a tree in an orchard I've long forsaken. . . . Do you know what I mean? It is my illness which has made me so bad-tempered at times. Alas! one can't fight without getting battle-stained, and, alas! there have been so many occasions when I've never had time to wash away the stains or renew myself.

Letters I: 266, Oct. 24, 1919, to J. M. M.: . . . I know what you mean about people *babbling*, even though je ne suis pas une silencieuse, moi. But the years one has spent, sitting with a strained smile trying to appear *of* the party, *in* the know . . . what foolishness, what waste of time!

But on those rare occasions when you and I talk, I do—I do feel the heavens opening and our thoughts like angels ascending and descending. Time, peace, freedom from anxiety—these things must be ours. Time to be silent in and to talk in. But especially that last. The *strain* we have lived under! No one will know. Isn't it queer what a cold indifferent world this is really? Think of the agony we've suffered. Who cares? Who dreams? If we were not 'set apart' for ever before, this has been enough to do it. We could not, knowing what we know, belong to others who know not. If I can only *convey* this difference, this vision of the world as we see it! Tchekhov saw it, too, and so I think did Keats.

Letters I: 270, Oct. 29, 1919, to J. M. M.: I have heard from F. at Mentone. Poor darling! he was robbed at

Boulogne of his wallet—all his money, addresses, papers, £50 in banknotes, a letter of credit for £500. This really wrings my heart. I can't help it. If he does mind so terribly about money, it must have been so ghastly to be alone among foreigners, having to keep up and be a man of the world and look out of the railway windows as though it hadn't happened. I really literally nearly fainted when this swept over me and I 'saw' him with a very high colour putting on a smile. I do hope to God people don't suffer quite as I think they do: it's not to be borne if they do.

Letters I: 316, Dec. 13, 1919, to S. S. K.: . . . And yet the beauty of life—Koteliansky—the haunting beauty of 'the question'! Sometimes when I am awake here, very early in the morning, I hear, far down on the road below, the market carts going by. And at the sound I live through this getting up before dawn, the blue light in the window—the cold solemn look of the people—the woman opening the door and going for sticks—the smell of smoke—the feather of smoke rising from their chimney. I hear the man as he slaps the little horse and leads it into the clattering yard. And the fowls are still asleep—big balls of feather. But the early morning air and hush. And after the man and wife have driven away some little children skurry out of bed across the floor and find a piece of bread and get back into the warm bed and divide it. But this is all *the surface*. Hundreds of things happen down to minute, minute details. But it is all so full of beauty—and you know the voices of people before sunrise—how

different they are? I lie here, thinking of these things and hearing those little carts. . . .

Letters II: 2, Jan. 1920, to R. M.: . . . The one great talker is the sea. It never is quiet; one feels quiet; one feels sometimes as if one were a shell filled with a hollow sound. God forbid that another should ever live the life I have known here, and yet there are *moments*, you know, old Boy, when after dark day there comes a sunset—such a glowing, gorgeous, marvellous sky that one forgets all in the beauty of it—these are the moments when I am *really writing*. Whatever happens I have had these blissful, perfect moments and they are worth living for. I thought, when I left England, I could not love writing more than I did, but now I feel I've never known what it is to be a writer until I came here.

Letters II: 9–10, Jan. 31, 1920, Mrs. S. L.: . . . I don't believe a writer can ever do anything *worth* doing until he has—in the profoundest sense of the word—accepted life. Then he can face the problem and begin to question, but not before. But these people won't accept life; they'll only accept a point of view or something like that. I wish one could let them go, but they go on writing novels and Life goes on—big, expensive; so poor little K. M. goes on lifting up her voice and weeping—but she doesn't want to!

Journal, p. 148, Jan. 1920: 'The Glimpse': And yet one has these 'glimpses,' before which all that one ever has written (what has one written?)—all (yes, all) that one ever has read, pales. . . . The waves, as I drove home this after-

noon, and the high foam, how it was suspended in the air before it fell. . . . What is it that happens in that moment of suspension? It is timeless. In that moment (what do I mean?) the whole life of the soul is contained. One is flung up—out of life—one is 'held,' and then,—down, bright, broken, glittering on to the rocks, tossed back, part of the ebb and flow.

I don't want to be sentimental. But while one hangs, suspended in the air, held,—while I watched the spray, I was conscious for life of the white sky with a web of torn grey over it; of the slipping, sliding, slithering sea; of the dark woods blotted against the cape; of the flowers on the tree I was passing; and more—of a huge cavern where my selves (who were like ancient seaweed gatherers) mumbled, indifferent and intimate . . . and this other self apart in the carriage, grasping the cold knob of her umbrella, thinking of a ship, of ropes stiffened with white paint and the wet, flapping oilskins of sailors. . . . Shall one ever be at peace with oneself? Ever quiet and uninterrupted—without pain—with the one whom one loves under the same roof? Is it too much to ask?

Letters II: 223, Mar. 26, 1920, to the Hon. D. B.: . . .

Don't feel bitter! We must not. Do let us ignore the people who aren't real and live deeply, the little time we have here. It really does seem that the world has reached a pitch of *degradation* that never could have been imagined—but we know it—we are not deceived. And the fact of knowing it and having suffered, each in our own way, cannot make life—the life of the universe—what we mean when we stand looking up at the stars—or lie watch-

ing the ladybird in the grass—or feel—talking to one we love—less marvellous. I think that we—our generation—ought to live in the consciousness of his huge, solemn, exciting, mysterious background. It's our religion, our *faith*. Little creatures that we are, we have our gesture to make which has its place in the scheme of things. We must find what it is and make it—offer up ourselves as a sacrifice. You as a painter and me as a writer. What is it that urges us? Why do you feel that you *must* make *your* discovery and that I must make mine? That first because we are artists and the only free people we are obedient to some law? There's the mystery! And we shall never solve it—we only know a little more about it by the time we die and that's all—and it's enough.

But just because we *do* feel this we can't afford to be bitter and, oh, we mustn't let the wrong people into our Holy of Holies.

Don't think I am become an elderly fogey, I believe like anything in happiness and being gay and laughing, but I am sure one can't afford to be less than one's *deepest self* always. That's all I mean by renewing oneself—renewing one's vows in the contemplation of all this burning beauty. We belong to the Order of Artists and it's a strict order, but if we keep together in love and harmony we'll help each other. Oh, I worship life. I fall on my knees before Love and Beauty. If I can only make myself worthy. . . .

Letters II: 33, May 2, 1920, to S. S. and V. S.: . . . Delicate perception is not enough; one must find the exact way in which to convey the delicate perception. One must inhabit the other mind and know more of the other

mind and your secret knowledge is the light in which all is steeped.

Letters II: 46, Sept. 25, 1920, to J. M. M.: . . . I heard again from Methuen to-day. They now say they'd like 2 books for next spring. I think there must have been some trunk work, some back stair work in this on your part. But I'll see what I can do without promising in my fatal way what I can't perform. I wish I could begin creative work. I haven't yet. It's the atmosphere, the . . . tone which is hard to get. And without it nothing is worth doing. I have such a horror of triviality . . . a great part of my Constable book is *trivial.* It's not good enough. You see it's too late to beat about the bush any longer. They are cutting down the cherry trees; the orchard is sold—that is really the atmosphere I want. Yes, the dancing and the dawn and the Englishman in the train who said 'jump'! —all these, with the background.

Letters II: 90, Feb. 2, 1921, to Lady O. M.: . . . However, one goes on believing. Life *might be* marvellous. One keeps faith with that belief in one's work. I've been writing of a dance this afternoon and remembering how one polished the floor was so thrilling that everything was forgotten. . . .

Letters II: 91–2, Feb. 3, 1921, to R. M.: . . . I believe the only way to live as artists under these new conditions in art and life is to put everything to test for ourselves. We've got, in the long run, to be our own teachers. There's no getting away from that. We've got to win through by ourselves. Well, as I see it, the only way to

do that honestly, dead truthfully, shirking nothing and leaving nothing out, is to put everything to the test; not only to face things, but really to find out of what they are composed. How can we know where we are, otherwise? How can we prevent ourselves being weak in certain places? To be *thorough*—to be *honest*. I think if artists were really thorough and honest they would save the world. It's the lack of those things and the reverse of them that are putting a deadly blight on life. Good work takes upon itself a Life—bad work has death in it.

Well (forgive me if I'm dull, old boy), your longing for technical knowledge seems to me profoundly what an artist ought to feel to-day. It's a kind of deep sign of the times —rather the Zeitgeist—that's the better word. Your generation, and mine too, has been 'put off' with imitations of the real thing and we're bound to react violently if we're sincere. This takes so long to write and it sounds so heavy. Have I conveyed what I mean to even? You see I too have a passion for technique. I have a passion for making the thing into a *whole* if you know what I mean. Out of technique is born real style, I believe. There are no short cuts.

Letters II: 93, Jan. 1921, to Mrs. S. L.: . . . I find my great difficulty in writing is to learn to submit. Not that one ought to be without resistance—of course I don't mean that. But when I am writing of 'another' I want so to lose myself in the soul of the other that I am not. . . .

Letters II: 94, Feb. 1921, to Mrs. S. L.: . . . The question of the Artist and his Time is, I am sure, the Question

of Questions. The artist who denies his Time, who turns away from it even so much as the fraction of a hair is false. First, he must be free; that is, he must be controlled by none other than his deepest self, his truest self. And then he must accept Life, he must submit—give himself so utterly to Life that no personal *quâ* personal self remains. Does that convey anything? It's so hard to state. 'Bitterness' is a difficult word for me to disentangle from a sense of personal wrong—a 'this is what Life has done to me.' But I know you don't mean that. You mean a bigger thing—the gesture with which one turns aside to-day from what might have been—what ought to have been. There is humour in it, of a kind, and inevitable sadness....

But let me confess, Sydney. I feel something else as well—and that is Love. But that's so difficult to explain. It's not pity or rainbows or anything up in the air—perhaps it's feeling, feeling, feeling.

Letters II: 112–13, May 1921, to J. M. M.: The people whom we read as we read Shakespeare are part of our daily lives. I mean it doesn't seem to me QUEER to be thinking about Othello at bregchick or to be wondering about the Phœnix and the Turtle in my bath. It's all part of a whole. Just as the vineyard below me is the vineyard in the Song of Solomon, and that beautiful sound as the men hoe between the vines is almost part of my body, goes on in me. I shall never be the same as I was *before* I read the Death of Cleopatra. One has willingly *given* oneself to all these things—one is the result of them all. Are you now saying 'intellectual detachment'? But I've *allowed* for that.

Other people—I mean people to-day—seem to look on in a way I don't understand. I don't want to boast. I don't feel at all arrogant, but I do feel they have not perhaps lived as fully as we have. . . .

Letters II: 123, July 29, 1921, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . Don't you think the stairs are a good place for reading letters? I do. One is somehow suspended—one is on neutral ground—not in one's own world, not in a strange one. They are an almost perfect meeting place—oh Heavens! how stairs do fascinate me when I think of it. Waiting for people—sitting on strange stairs hearing steps from above, watching the light *playing* by itself—hearing —far below a door, looking down into a kind of dim brightness, watching someone come up. But I could go on for ever.

Must put them in a story, though! People come out of themselves—on stairs—they issue forth, unprotected. And then the window on a *landing*. Why is it so different to all other windows?

Letters II: 132, Aug. 29, 1921, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . My stories for *The Sphere* are all done—thank the Lord! I have had copies with ILLUSTRATIONS! Oh, Brett! such fearful horrors. All my dear people looking like—well—Harrod's 29/6 *crêpe de chine* blouses and young tailors' gents, and my old men—stuffy old woolly sheep. It's a sad trial. I am at present embedded in a terrific story, but it still frightens me.

Letters II: 147, Oct. 1921, to the Countess R.: . . . I am just at the beginning of a new story, which I may turn

into a serial. Clement Shorter wants one. But he stipulates for 13 'curtains' and an adventure note! Thirteen curtains! And my stories haven't a wisp of blind cord as a rule. I have never been able to manage curtains. I don't think I shall be able to see such a wholesale *hanging* through.

Journal, pp. 236–8, May 3, 1922: I must begin writing for Clement Shorter to-day 12 'spasms' of 2000 words each. I thought of Burnells, but no, I don't think so. Much better, the Sheridians,[1] the three girls and the brother and the Father and Mother and so on, ending with a long description of Meg's wedding to Keith Fenwick. Well, there's the first flown out of the nest. The sisters Bead, who come to stay. The white sheet on the floor when the wedding dress is tried on. Yes, I've got the details all right. But the point is, Where shall I begin? One certainly wants to dash.

Meg was playing. I don't think I ought to begin with that. It seems to me the mother's coming home ought to be the first chapter. The other can come later. And in the playing chapter what I want to stress chiefly is: Which is the real life—that or this?—late afternoon, these thoughts —the garden—the beauty—how all things pass—and how the end seems to come so soon.

And then again there is the darling bird—I've always loved birds. Where is the little chap? . . .

What is it that stirs one so? What is this seeking—so joy-

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[1] *A projected story, never finished.*

ful—ah, so gentle! And there seems to be a moment when all is to be discovered. Yes, that's the feeling. . . .

The queer thing is I only remember how much I have forgotten when I hear that piano. The garden of the Casino, the blue pansies. But oh, how am I going to write this story?

(There follows the opening paragraph of the story.)

The late afternoon was beautiful in Port Willin. There was a moment when the whole small town seemed to quiver in those last bright rays. Gold shone the harbour, the windows of the big hospital on Clifton Hill flashed fiery. Only the pigeons flying so high above Post Office Square and the plumes of smoke rising from the evening fires were silver.

Letters II: 216, May 3, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: It's rather an important day for me. I am beginning my long serial . . . half of which has to be finished in a month from now. And I have also signed away all the rest of my book to be ready *sans faute* by the end of the summer. The serial is very exciting. It is 24,000 words, a short novel, in fact. I want it to end with a simply scrumptious wedding, rose pink tulle frocks for the bridesmaids, favours on the horses' heads, the marvellous moment at the church when everyone is waiting, the servants in a pew to themselves. The Cook's hat! But all, all divinely beautiful if I can do it . . . gay, but with that feeling that 'beauty vanishes, beauty passes, though rare, rare it be. . . .'

Letters II: 148, Oct. 25, 1921, to J. G.: . . . You asked me about my work. I have just finished a new book which

is to be published at the New Year. And now I am 'thinking out' a long story about a woman which has been in my mind for years. But it is difficult. I want her whole life to be in it—a sense of time—and the feeling of 'farewell.' For by the time the story is told her life is over. One tells it in taking leave of her. . . . Not one of these modern women, but one of those old-fashioned kind who seemed to have such a rich being, to live in such a living world. Is it fancy? Is it just that the harvest of the past is gathered? Who shall say?

Letters II: 413, Nov. 4, 1921, to S. S. K.: I like your criticism. It is right you should have hated those things in me. For I was *careless* and false. I was not true in those days. But I have been trying for a long time now to 'squeeze the slave out of my soul.' . . .

Journal, pp. 194–5, Oct. 1921: I wonder why it should be so very difficult to be humble. I do not think I am a good writer; I realize my faults better than anyone else could realize them. I know exactly where I fail. And yet, when I have finished a story and before I have begun another, I catch myself preening my feathers. It is disheartening. There seems to be some bad old pride in my heart; a root of it that puts out a thick shoot on the slightest provocation. . . . This interferes very much with work. One can't be calm, clear, good as one must be, while it goes on. I look at the mountains, I try to pray and I think of something clever. It's a kind of excitement within, which shouldn't be there. Calm yourself. Clear yourself. And anything that I write in this mood will be no good; it will

be full of sediment. If I were well, I would go off by myself somewhere and sit under a tree. One must learn, one must practice, to forget oneself. I can't tell the truth about Aunt Anne unless I am free to look into her life without self-consciousness. Oh God! I am divided still. I am bad. I fail in my personal life. I lapse into impatience, temper, vanity, and so I fail as thy priest. Perhaps poetry will help.

Letters II: 156–7, Nov. 21, 1921, to W. G.: You know, if I may speak in confidence, I shall not be 'fashionable' long. They will find me out; they will be disgusted; they will shiver in dismay. I like such awfully unfashionable things—and people. I like sitting on doorsteps, and talking to the old woman who brings quinces, and going for picnics in a jolting little wagon, and listening to a kind of music they play in public gardens on warm evenings, and talking to captains of shabby little steamers, and, in fact, to all kinds of people in all kinds of places. But what a fatal sentence to begin. It goes on for ever. In fact, one could spend a whole life finishing it.

But you see I am not a high-brow. Sunday lunches and very intricate conversations on Sex and that 'fatigue' which is so essential, that awful 'brightness' which is even more essential—these things I flee from.

I'm in love with life, terribly. Such a confession is enough to waft *Bliss* out of the Union. . . .

Letters II: 173, Jan. 13, 1922, to S. S. K.: . . . I have been in a horrible black mood lately, with feelings of something like hatred towards 'everybody.' I think one

reason was I wrote a story—I projected my little people against the bright screen of Time—and not only nobody saw, nobody cared. But it was as if the story was refused. It is bitter to be refused. Heaven knows one does not desire praise. But *silence* is hard to bear. I know one ought not to care. One should go on quietly. But there it is.

Letters II: 202, March 29, 1922, to R. M.: Yes, I too was very interested in S.'s review, though I didn't agree with it all. For instance, his quotation from Tolstoy, 'There are no heroes, only people.' I believe there *are* heroes. And after all it was Tolstoy who made the remark who was—surely—a large part of a hero himself. And I don't believe in the limitations of man; I believe in 'the heights.' I can't help it; I'm *forced* to. It seems to me that the very feeling of inevitably that there is in a great work of art—is a proof —a profession of faith on the part of the artist that this life is not all. (Of course, I'm not talking of personal immortality as we were taught to imagine it.) If I were to agree with S. I'd have to believe that the mind is supreme. But I don't—not by a long long chalk. The *mind* is only the fine instrument, it's only the slave of the soul. I do agree that with a great many artists one never sees the *master*, we only know the slave. And the slave is so brilliant that he can almost make you forget the absence of the other. But one is only really *living* when one acknowledges both —or so it seems to me—and great art is achieved when the relation between these two is perfected. But it's all very difficult.

Letters II: 203, April 4, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: I'm in-

terested in what you say of Wyndham L. I've heard so very much about him from Anne Rice and Violet Schiff. Yes, I admire his line tremendously. It's beautifully obedient to his wishes. But it's queer I feel that as an artist, in spite of his passions and his views and all that, he lacks a real centre. I'll tell you what I mean. It sounds personal but we can't help that, we can only speak of what we have learnt. It seems to me that what one aims at is to work with one's mind and one's soul *together*. By soul I mean that 'thing' that makes the mind really important. I always picture it like this. My mind is a very complicated, capable instrument. But the interior is dark. It *can* work in the dark and throw off all kinds of things. But behind that instrument, like a very steady gentle light, is the soul. And it's only when the soul *irradiates* the mind that what one does matters. . . . What I *aim* at is that state of mind when I feel my soul and my mind are one. It's awfully, terribly difficult to get at. Only solitude will do it for me. But I feel Wyndham Lewis would be inclined to call the soul tiddley-om-pom. It's a mystery, anyway. One aims at perfection—knows one will never achieve it and goes on aiming as though one knew the exact contrary.

Letters II: 205, April 17, 1922, to the Hon. D. B.: . . . It takes such a terrific time to keep everything going. There is an endless succession of small jobs. And then one wants little things bought, new sachets and toothpaste. All those things to keep renewed. I can't keep up with it, not if I was as strong as ever. There's too much to write and too much to read and to talk about. I can't for the life of me understand how women manage. It's easier for men be-

cause of the way they dress and so on. Also they aren't dependent on small things like we are. No, a little nice Bertha or Augusta is my ambition.

Letters II: 223–4, July 4, 1922, to S. S. K.: . . . When he (Lawrence) mentions gooseberries these are real red, ripe gooseberries that the gardener is rolling on a tray. When he bites into an apple it is a sharp, sweet, fresh apple from the growing tree. Why has one this longing that people shall be rooted in life? Nearly all people swing in with the tide and out with the tide again like a heavy seaweed. And they seem to take a kind of pride in denying life. But why? I cannot understand.

Letters II: 228–9, July 13, 1922, to A. G.: . . . But I hope you will go on writing. The important thing is to write—to find yourself. (There is no truth profounder.) I do not know myself whether—this world being what it is—pain is not absolutely necessary. I do not see how we are to come by knowledge and love except through pain. That sounds too definite, expressed so badly—if one were talking one would make reservations. . . . Believe in pain I must.

Letters II: 229, July 17, 1922, to S. S. K.: . . . Oh, Koteliansky, what a relief it is to turn away from these little pre-digested books written by authors who have nothing to say! It is like walking by the sea at high tide eating a crust of bread and looking across the water. I am so sick of all this modern seeking which ends in seeking. Seek by all means, but the text goes on 'and ye shall find.' And although, of course, there can be no ultimate finding,

there is a kind of finding by the way which is enough, is sufficient. But these seekers in the looking-glass, these half-female, frightened writers-of-to-day—You know, they remind me of the greenfly in roses—they are a kind of blight.

I do not want to be hard. I hope to God I am not unsympathetic. But seems to me there comes a time in life when one must realize one is grown up—a man. And when it is no longer decent to go on probing and probing. Life is so short. The world is rich. There are so many adventures possible. Why do we not gather our strength together and LIVE? It all comes to much the same thing. In youth most of us are, for various reasons, slaves. And then, when we are able to throw off our chains, we prefer to keep them. Freedom is dangerous, is frightening.

If only I can be a good enough writer to strike a blow for freedom! It is the one axe I want to grind. Be free—and you can afford to give yourself to life! Even to believe in life.

I do not go all the way with Lawrence. His ideas of sex mean nothing to me. But I feel nearer L. than anyone else. All these last months I have thought as he does about many things.

Letters II: 226, Dec. 16, 1922, to J. M. M.: . . . Perhaps I was not in the mood for books. I am not at present, though I know that in the future I shall want to write them more than anything else in the world. But different books. . . . I confess present-day literature simply nauseates me, excepting always Hardy and the other few

whose names I can't remember. But the general trend of it seems to me quite without any value whatever.

Letters II: 268, Dec. 31, 1922, to the Countess R.: I haven't written a word since October, and I don't mean to until the spring. I want much more material; I am tired of my little stories like birds bred in cages.

Murry, J. M.: 'Katherine Mansfield, Stendahl and Style'; The Adelphi I: 342–3, Sept., 1923: '. . . She first described the essential of style in a simple and striking metaphor; it was "to speak to the back of the room." Then she expanded this description. "You should imagine," she said, "that you are describing the things you are writing about to a dearly beloved but simple person, whose sympathies and desire to comprehend go with you, but who needs to be given a lead." Then, to explain still further, she took an example from her own story, "The Garden Party." [The conversation took place in March, 1922, soon after the book of that name had been published.] " 'But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere,' said Laura" (p. 75). "If that were left naked," said Katherine Mansfield, "it would be a cross remark. 'Said Laura, laughing,' is too vague. So I wrote: 'She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, bit her mother's ear.' " '

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